HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 1759.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.
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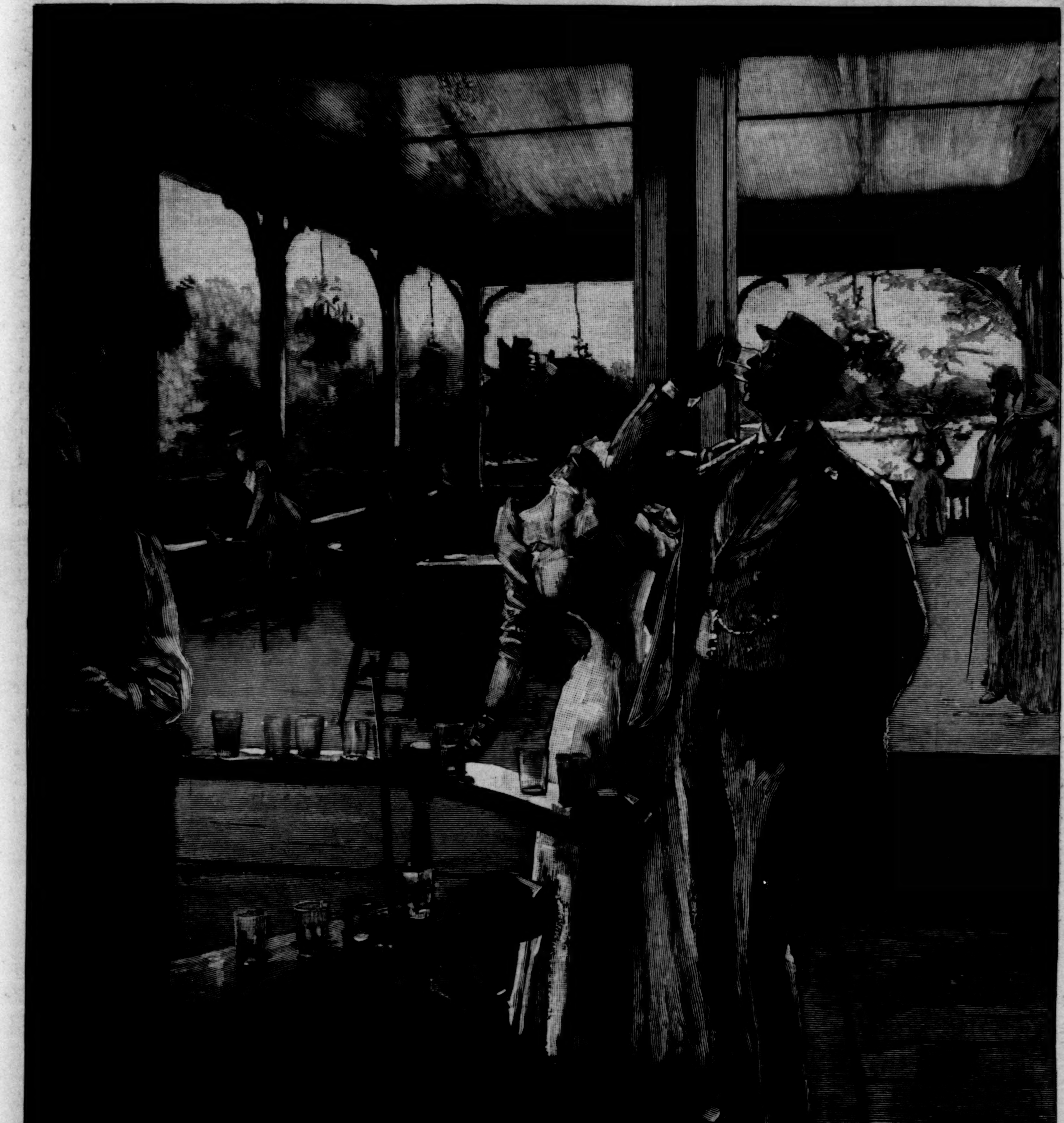

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No. 1759.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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STORMY WEATHER.

THE truce in the Senate is not a peace. It was easily seen by Republican Senators that if the administration party in the highest branch of the national legislature should go to pieces upon a cardinal party measure, the ill results would be incalculable. Whatever might be the views of the disputants, that catastrophe must be avoided if possible. It was this instinct which, by general agreement, caused the postponement of the election bill. But the actual breach had been already disclosed, and disclosed in a manner most prejudicial to the party. It is evident that while protection is undoubtedly a party principle, the McKinley bill is not; and while Republicans, in common with all good citizens, desire a free vote and a fair count, like such citizens also they are not agreed upon the manner in which those objects shall be secured. Mr. Hiscock's argument that the result of the election of 1888 was a mandate to revise the tariff in the interest of protection, and therefore to pass the McKinley bill, is proved to be wholly fanciful. The result of an honest Presidential election may be justly assumed to show the favor of the country for a certain general policy, but certainly not for any particular measure embodying that policy.

This is equally true of the election bill. The country may deplore an evil, and hold that it should be remedied, but it does not follow that the expression of that feeling is a mandate to Congress to vote for a particular bill. This was demonstrated some years ago, when some of the most earnest advocates of the present election bill warmly opposed the force bill. An election is not a check signed in blank. If honest, it reveals only a national disposition. Mr. Hiscock cannot plead his support of the McKinley bill to prove him a better Republican than Mr. Plumb. If the Republican Congress does not pass the McKinley bill, the failure does not show that the party is not favorable to protection, but only that it does not approve that special application of it. The breach lies in the determination of the friends of the McKinley bill and the Lodge bill to make support of those measures the test of party orthodoxy. Leading party organs assailed those who wished to modify certain provisions of the tariff bill as party traitors and apostates, and demanded a vote upon the motion to postpone the election bill, in order to smoke out those who were betraying the party.

Now, viewed as party tests, the Republican attitude upon these bills shows a vital difference of opinion. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, holds them both to be party measures which every honorable Republican is bound to support, while refusal to support them practically outlaws the recusant. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, on the contrary, holds that there is no demand or necessity for either bill, and that among Republicans there is a pronounced hostility to both. Both papers are unquestionably Republican. But the logic of one condemns the other. Mr. Blaine also is a Republican in good standing, but he denies that the McKinley bill is drawn in accordance with sound principles of protection, and several party conventions, as well as many party papers, support his views and applaud their expression. The Senate has decided not to publish the rupture in the party more than the debates have already proclaimed it. But such discord on such measures reveals a difference which may have important consequences.

LEASING CONVICTS.

Mr. Frank Johnston, of Jackson, Mississippi, has published, in a letter to the Memphis *Commercial*, a statement of facts in regard to the penal system of leasing convicts in Mississippi which is appalling, and should certainly have great weight in influencing the Constitutional Convention of the State, now in session, to reform the system by abolishing it. Governor Gordon, of Georgia, in a message to the Legislature of that State, said: "It places cupidity in conflict with humanity. With all the care that the State can possibly give, all the restraints that the law can impose, all the watchfulness of even humane lessees, it is impossible to prevent wrong and cruelty." And Governor Stone, of Mississippi, describes it as "obnoxious to civilization and hateful to the people of Mississippi." The justice of this remark will be proved by the action of the Convention. After the war most of the Southern States adopted the system. In Mississippi the convicts, who were then about one thousand in number, were leased for a bonus to a lessee, who assumed their entire custody and care, and was paid by the wages of their labor. The business was lucrative, and a system of sub-lessees arose, which was also profitable.

The profits of the system being established, the State, instead of paying a bonus, leased the prison and the convicts to the highest bidder. The result was that the lease of the convicts became a part of the public spoils, and, as Mr. Johnston says, "sub-lessees were apparently selected because of political and official influence, and high State officials became the sub-lessees of State convicts." The system became a power in politics. "Rings" for mutual protection and the common defence of convict-leasing were formed, and have been able to defeat every attempt at reform. The consequences to the unhappy prisoners were frightful. An investigation by a committee of the Legislature in 1884 revealed atrocities which "defied description." The extracts from the report quoted by Mr. Johnston are harrowing. No Siberian inhumanity is greater than that of this system. "The prison has been run without expense to the State," says the committee, "but it has been done at the expense of human lives, helpless, manacled beings." The disclosures were so startling and shameful that the testimony taken by the committee disappeared, and even the report, for some unexplained reason, did not appear upon the journal of the House. But it was published by some of the newspapers, and was thus fortunately made public. But the sole practical result of the investigation was the lease of the convicts by the Legislature to the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad Company, instead of a single lessee, for a term of years and for a nominal consideration.

For more than twenty years this horrible disgrace to the State has been maintained, under the plea of economy, and by the organized efforts of an unscrupulous ring, counting upon public indifference and ignorance of "the utter miseries of this newest and most revolting form of human slavery." There are those who believe the evils of this system to be exaggerated. But Mr. Johnston says—and no one familiar with penal history will doubt the simple truth of his statement—that they can hardly be exaggerated. He has done a great service to his State and country and to humanity itself by his presentation of the testimony. It needs no enforcement. Like the tale told by John Howard, it is its own burning and conclusive plea. "Apparently all arguments and efforts at reform are exhausted," says Mr. Johnston, "so far as legislatures are concerned; but the Constitutional Convention should abolish the system by requiring the State, after reasonable time to effect the change, to take exclusive control of the prison and convicts."

ALIEN AMERICANS.

The debate on the election bill in Congress and in the press has elicited very strong declarations in favor of securing to every legal voter the right of casting his ballot. But there is another question quite as vital and significant which receives very little attention. It is the question of the fitness of voters to cast a ballot. Our system of government undoubtedly contemplates a general ballot. It assumes the fitness of the people for republican government—their fitness, that is to say, to govern themselves. But that assumption was made of a small, homogeneous, intelligent people, of the same language, religious faith, and political traditions, accustomed and trained to self-government. This is the fact, and it is by no means clear that if an enormous annual immigration of the worst as well as the best people of all countries, races, languages, and conditions, and every degree of civilization and intelligence, had been anticipated by our fathers, they would have established the same government which they did establish for themselves and men like them. It is not to be assumed that Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, and their contemporaries would have held that a government suited to them and to the British colonies in America would have been equally suitable for Hottentots and Ashantees.

The annual immigration of nearly half a million of people, who have no knowledge of our language, no conception of our government, no traditions or habits of free institutions, no general intelligence, ability, or skill, and who come because they cannot hold their own elsewhere, is certainly one of the most important of public questions. But it is the one which receives the least attention, because parties and Congress are mortally afraid of alienating the support of the most unintelligent vote in the country if they ask whether it is expedient to foster its increase. The immigration during the year ending June 30, 1890, amounted to 451,219, an increase of 12,600 over that of the preceding year, when the numbers were 438,619. The Chicago *America* has been looking at the details, and finds that while this was the increase of the whole year, that of the first six months of this year was 24,536 more than that of the corresponding months of last year. This is not in itself an agreeable fact, because the desirability of immigration lies in the quality, not in the quantity.

But it appears that the whole net increase is of the most undesirable kind. The immigration from Germany, England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, and Switzerland has fallen off this year by 47,931, while that from Austro-Hungary, Denmark, France, Italy, Poland, Russia, and all other countries has increased by 60,531. While the decrease of the better kind of immigrants is nearly 50,000, it is more than made up by the increase of the worse kind. Such a vast and continuous augmentation of the population by those who are in every way alien to American life and character and institutions is in no sense a benefit to the country. It taxes unreasonably its power of proper assimilation. The movement of our population is toward the cities, and the cities are ceasing to be distinctively American. We are no longer the rural republic of our fathers, and the conditions which made such a republic the harbinger of a better future for mankind are changing. Such facts, with the situation in parts of the Southern States due to the war, are among the circumstances which make the problems of American statesmanship exceedingly interesting.

STRIKES AND THE PUBLIC.

We have already pointed out that the public has a vital interest in railway strikes which apparently neither the railway officers nor the employés fairly consider. Men may undoubtedly lawfully agree not to work for certain employers, and, where there is no contract, may lawfully leave work at any time. They may lawfully agree to obey the orders of other men, even at the cost of loss of their own occupation and the suffering of their families. But the developments of modern civilization have made railways the most important highways ever known. Regular and certain traffic upon them is absolutely essential to the welfare of the country. The sudden interruption of business upon the railways leading to New York, for instance, like the investment of the city by a foreign enemy, would cut off its supplies. A similar simultaneous suspension of traffic upon the railway system of the country would be a national calamity.

Yet both railway companies and their employés apparently regard a strike as a simple question between themselves, while it is really a difference in which both of them together constitute one party, and the public the other. The public has granted the company certain privileges not for the company's sake, but for the public advantage. The law requires of the railway company a strict and punctual performance of its contract. Inter-State and local business of every kind, the transport of the mails and of passengers all depend upon its faithful observance. The company is bound, therefore, to comprehend the situation and to act accordingly. It can perform its contract only by the agency of its employés, and by every reasonable means it is morally bound to avoid any avoidable interruption of its service which must be attended with consequences so momentous. During the troubles in regard to the recent strike of the Knights of Labor there has been an immense outpouring of crimination and recrimination, and the anathema of Mr. Webb, the Vice-President of the company, fulminated by the meeting at Indianapolis substantially described that officer as an enemy of the human race. This is absurd, and throughout the controversy there has been but one simple question. Mr. Powderly said that if the employés had been dismissed for cause connected with their work, the Knights of Labor had nothing to say. But if the organization of capital called the Central Railroad Company had discharged employés merely because they belonged to an organization of labor called the Knights of Labor, the dismissal was an attack upon that organization which it would resent as the railroad company would resent a similar attack from the Knights. To this statement Mr. Webb replied that the men had not been discharged because they were Knights of Labor, but because of insubordination, inefficiency, and other legitimate causes. Mr. Powderly answered by asking an investigation. Mr. Webb retorted that this was to ask that his veracity be submitted to inquiry, and that the proposition was a request to the company to permit the employés to decide who should be appointed and removed—in other words, to run the road.

Mr. Webb's reply was natural, and his logic was not at fault. We do not see why Mr. Powderly, if he were in possession of evidence which would show the falsity of Mr. Webb's statement, did not produce it. Had he done so, and Mr. Webb had been shown to have misstated the facts, public opinion would have condemned the company not for dismissing Knights of Labor as such, but for publicly alleging that it had not dismissed them. If Mr. Powderly means to claim that the Central Road ought to tell an employé why he is discharged, he claims only what is just. If he means that the employers and their friends ought to agree to appoint and remove employés subject to the approval of the Knights of Labor, he asks that the officers of the company shall betray their trust. If he means that unless they do so, the Knights of Labor or organized labor in general will try to make the whole country suffer by stopping traffic upon the road, he invites the indignant censure of the whole country. On the other hand, when anybody or any organization can show that a railroad company has discharged an employé unjustly, they will greatly strengthen "organized labor"; and by every means, in view of its public character and duty, every railroad company is bound to go to the utmost in dealing frankly with its employés, and in removing reasonable suspicion from their minds.

PORTIA IN AMERICA.

Four years ago the Legislature of New York authorized the admission to the bar of any woman who should show proper qualifications. But we believe that neither the Law School at Buffalo nor the Law Department at Cornell University, both of which admit women, has yet received a woman pupil. It is also true that since the law authorized the voting of women at school elections no great number have availed themselves of the right. These facts would seem to show that the legal permission does not produce an immediate deluge of the polls with the votes of the newly enfranchised citizens, and that all fears of such a result as consequent upon the franchise are unfounded.

The University of the City of New York appointed last spring a Woman's Advisory Committee to aid the legal education of women in its Law Department. There was already a Women's Law School Association, and more recently a Legal Education Society has been organized, which is interested in the formation of a woman's law class in the university, and Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt heads a subscription to furnish the salary to secure a woman as law instructor, having in view Mrs. Emily Kempin, an accomplished Doctor of the Law School of the University of Zurich.

As thirty-five applications had been made for enrollment in the law classes under Dr. Kempin which were proposed before the action of the university, it is fair to suppose that a class will not be wanting. It does not follow that all graduates would seek admission to the bar. The instruction of women in the law is a natural result of the absolute rights of property conferred upon them by modern legislation. Indeed, if we propose to retain the mediæval view of woman in modern society, modern society must be also careful not to abolish mediæval laws and usages.

ALBANY AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

If the government of the city of Albany and that of the State of New York are efficient governments, there can be no necessity for any company or person to hire armed men to defend their property by shooting whenever in the judgment of the armed men the safety of the property is imperilled. If any property in Albany is attacked, or about to be attacked, the recourse of the proprietor is to the city authorities, and if they are unable to protect it, to the State authorities. But the investment of property in that city by armed men to protect it is merely a return to the system of mediæval *condottieri*.

If the antislavery orators forty and fifty years ago, when they anticipated an assault upon their constitutional right of free speech, had proceeded to the platform with a guard of armed men to open fire upon Rynders and his crew whenever the exigency should seem to them to call for it, instead of notifying the city, or, if the peril were great, the State authorities that there would probably be a breach of the peace and that they must be prepared to maintain order, the antislavery riots would have been much more serious than they were.

The city of Albany undertakes to keep its own peace, and if without appeal to its constituted authorities property owners are forced to assume the protection by arms of the property, it is because the city government is no government and society has lapsed into barbarism. If a man finds a burglar in his house he may justly shoot him, but even then he must account for the act to the local authorities. He may, if he chooses, keep an armed regiment in his house to protect it, or a railroad company may keep an army to defend its property. But if any soldier of that army kills a man in alleged defence of property he must account for the act to the law, unless civilization is at an end. In Albany and other civilized places the city, or the organized body of the people, has undertaken to protect private property. Has that system failed in Albany, and is that city really in the condition of Ravenna six hundred years ago?

THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE.

The letter of Mr. Pattison, accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor in Pennsylvania, is an admirable document, which will commend him all the more closely to those Pennsylvanians who wish to rebuke at this election the tendencies and the leadership represented by the candidature of Mr. Delamater. Mr. Pattison says truly:

> "All attempts to import issues from the field of national politics will be but an effort by those now on trial in Pennsylvania to distract public attention from themselves and their records to more remote subjects of party controversy. Self-government—home-rule—is now on trial in this commonwealth. On one side stand the people, with their Constitution and general interests; on the other stands selfish and arrogant leadership, self-constituted and defiant, and resolved to use the offices and treasure of the people as personal spoils. Between these must the voter choose."

The Republicans in Pennsylvania who do not propose to tighten the hold of Mr. Quay upon their party rest their action upon the precise ground which is stated by Mr. Pattison. They are Republicans who do not mean to "import issues from the field of national politics" into this State election. As citizens of Pennsylvania they intend to vote for honest State government, and as Republicans they mean to discredit and defeat a personal leadership which they believe to be disastrous to the Republican party. They resort to the only method by which reform within the party can be accomplished, namely, defeat of unworthy candidates, or candidates unworthily nominated.

The Republicans in Pennsylvania who support Mr. Pattison are doing precisely what the Republicans in New York did when they refused to support Mr. Folger in 1882, and that excellent man and stanch Republican was beaten by two hundred thousand majority. The result was a protest against the method of his nomination. But while on the local issue Mr. Cleveland carried New York by that great majority, two years later on the national issue he carried it by only eleven hundred plurality. Pennsylvania Republicans need not be frightened by hearing the supporters of Mr. Delamater say that his defeat this year would imply Republican defeat in 1892.

WALTER HOWE.

The sudden death of Walter Howe at Newport deprives the State and city of one of its most useful citizens, and a public man of a kind which the community sorely needs. Mr. Howe was a man of independent fortune, with a decided taste and happy temperament and talent for public life. He was an active Republican, and had been a member of the Legislature, and he was an Aqueduct Commissioner by appointment of Mayor Hewitt. He had great vigor of mind and body. His convictions were strong, his aims lofty, his character simple, manly, and pure.

Mr. Howe was of opinion that his efforts could be made most effective by adherence to a party. But his high sense of political morality and his gentlemanly honor often made co-operation with those of less moral sensitiveness exceedingly difficult, and it was not certain that he was acceptable enough to the machine or controlling party power hopefully to anticipate a political career. Among the conspicuous young Republicans of the last twenty years in New York none have more resolutely refused to bow to the cap of the party Gesler of the moment than Walter Howe.

Mr. Howe was the efficient associate and friend of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in the Legislature, and they were united in all good works. He was one of the most constant friends of reform in the civil service, and it is painful to think that his cheery force is lost to the good works that yet remain to be accomplished. Personally Mr. Howe was a charming companion, modest, cultivated, of refined tastes, of generous instincts. He had travelled far and seen much. He was the kind of American in whom lies the hope of the future America, and his death is not only a private sorrow, it is a public loss.

PICTURES AND PORK.

The most popular provision of the McKinley bill is the free admission of works of art. This was hailed with especial pleasure by the artists themselves, who are supposed to be protected by excluding foreign works. It was also regarded as a gain for common-sense in a bill designed to restrict trade. But it appears to have been introduced as part of a plan to secure favorable terms for the entry of American pork into France, and as the prospect of that entry did not seem to be wholly clear, the Senate now proposes to restore what is called protection of an interest which protests against it.

The French press, meanwhile, has not the tone which becomes that friendship of nations to which the orator at the completion of the Bartholdi statue declared that monument to be erected. The Paris papers seem for a moment to have forgotten Yorktown and the Marquis de Lafayette. One of them says of the McKinley bill that it is useless to diplomatize with the United States government. "The only way is to cut short their explanations. Determined reprisals alone are likely to overcome their ill-will. Let us apply the clauses of the McKinley bill to American goods upon their entrance into France."

But would this course displease the friends of the bill? Their object is to limit the trade with France and all other countries, and to keep the home market for themselves. They tax French pictures to keep the American market for American painters. If France will tax American pictures, American painters will be obliged to sell their works at home, and thus, as General Alger would say, American money will be kept in America. What more could be asked? A prohibitory tariff in France would cut off American exports, and keep them at home to supply the American market. Is it not the patriotic object of a tariff to make the country wholly self-dependent, and cannot the countrymen of Bastiat see that this will be done by helping the country to seclude itself from the rest of the world?

PERSONAL.

Madame Christine Nilsson had a narrow escape from serious injury, if not death, the other day, as she was leaving Paris for a visit to Switzerland. In trying to enter a railway carriage just as the train started, she slipped, and fell between the carriage and the platform. The train was stopped at once, however, and she was taken to her home, suffering from the shock and slight bruises.

—John Boyle O'Reilly strongly desired to establish a Celtic department in the Boston Public Library, and it is now proposed to honor his memory by setting apart an alcove in the new library for a collection of such books. It is suggested that a fund for carrying out the poet-journalist's pet project would be a more graceful and fitting tribute than the erection of a monument of granite or bronze.

—Cardinal Newman used to be an accomplished performer on the violin, much to the scandal of some of his more austere associates, who did not believe in "fiddling." Of late years, however, a weakness in his fingers kept him from using his favorite musical instrument.

—F. P. Sargent, the head of the Brotherhood of Firemen, and a prominent figure in recent railway strike assemblies, was formerly a Vermont photographer. Then he became a United States cavalryman in Arizona, and finally a fireman on the Southern Pacific Railroad. He now rules over three hundred and eighty-four lodges, and is said to be well off in this world's goods.

—Stepniak, the Russian agitator and nihilist, is coming to this country soon to lecture.

—The family correspondence of Goethe's mother has just been published at Frankfort.

—Among the victims of the railroad disaster at Quincy, Massachusetts, was E. C. Bailey, who had been concerned in a number of Boston newspaper ventures. At one time he owned the Boston *Herald*, and later on he was the managing editor of the *Globe*.

—Society people at Lenox, Massachusetts, are much interested in the reported engagement of Miss Clementina Furniss, of New York, to Charles Tennant, of England, the brother of Mrs. Henry M. Stanley. As Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are coming to this country in the fall, it is expected that the marriage will take place then.

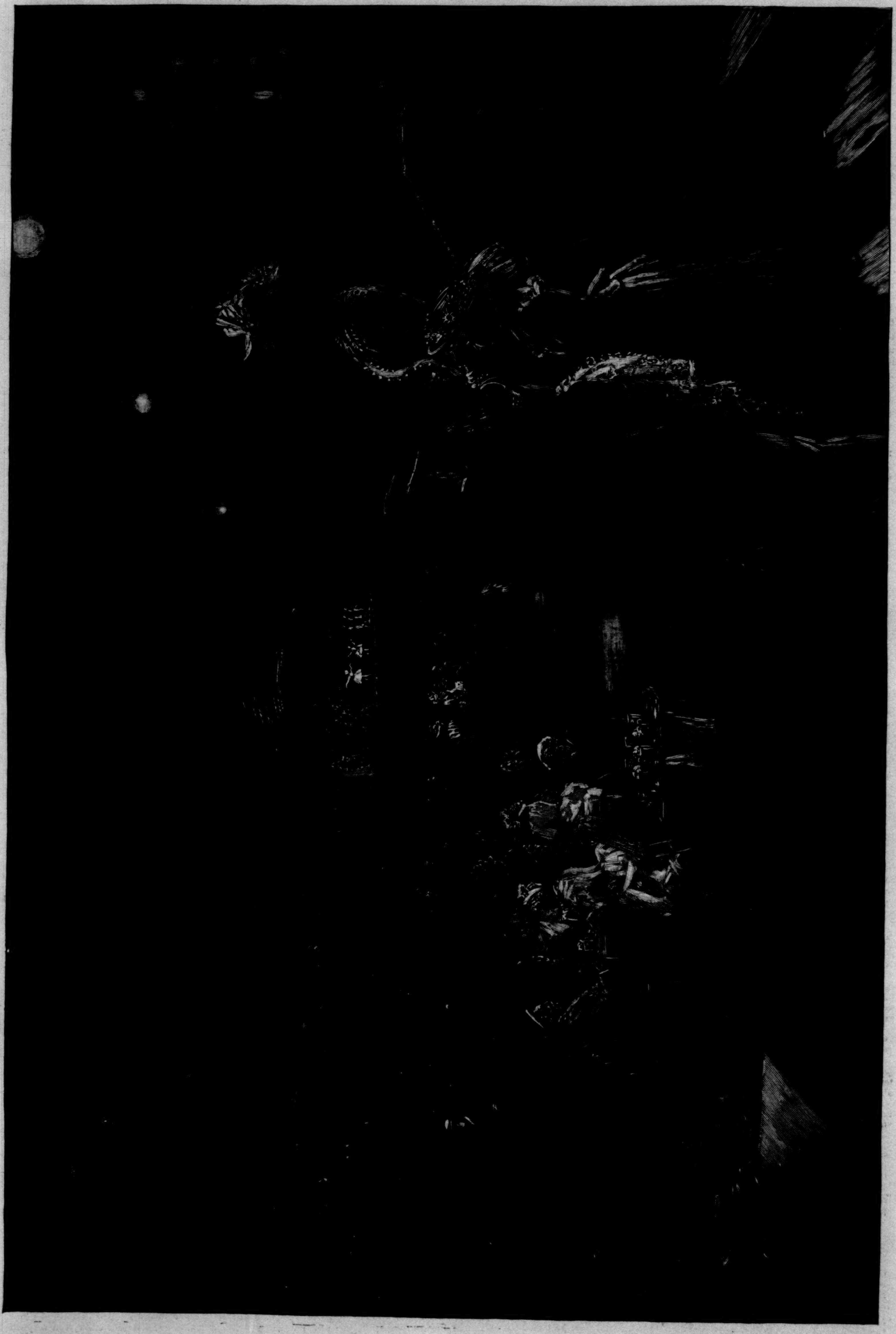
—Lieutenant Brownell, who avenged the death of his commander, Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, of the New York Fire Zouaves, at Alexandria, Virginia, near the opening of the war, is now in the Pension Department at Washington. He was with Colonel Ellsworth when the secession flag on the Marshall House was hauled down, and shot J. W. Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, just after the latter had killed Ellsworth.

—Henry Arthur Jones, the English dramatist, is slight in figure and about forty years old. He was born on a small farm in Buckinghamshire, and at the age of thirteen began earning his own living. When he was eighteen years old he visited London as a commercial traveller, and saw his first theatrical performance. So delighted was he that he then determined to become a playwright, and for the next nine years devoted his time to writing plays, which no one would produce. His fame began in 1879, when Wilson Barrett accepted *A Clerical Error*, a clever little work which every other London manager had rejected. Mr. Jones now stands at the head of his profession. He lives in London, has a happy and helpful wife, and is the father of several children.

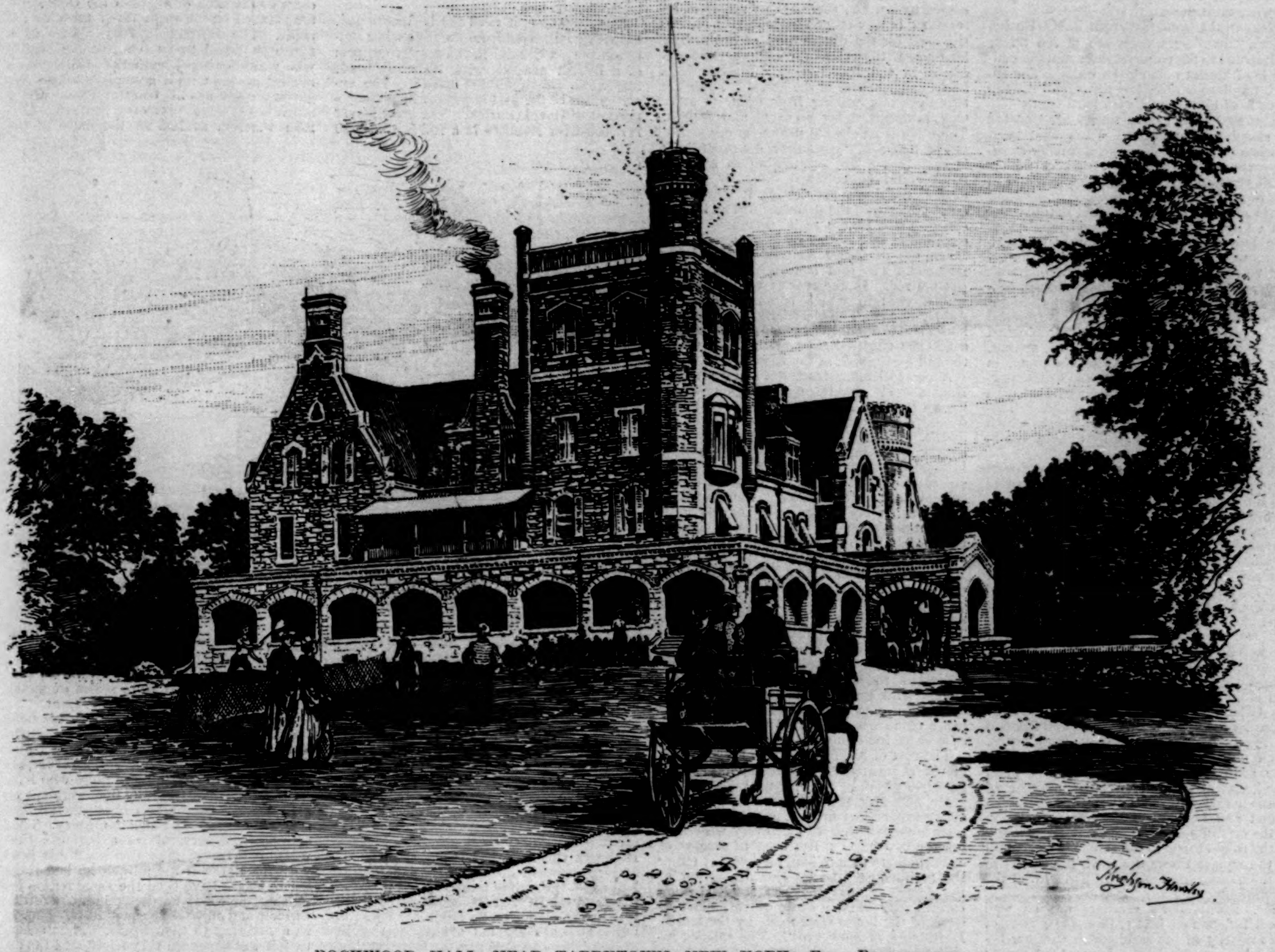
—Emilio Castelar, distinguished Spanish statesman, is to marry the Princess Marie Studolmine Bonaparte-Wyse, well known in the literary and social world as Madame Rattazzi. Although she has already been married three times and is over forty years old, she still retains much of the beauty and brilliancy which made her the pet of the Second Empire.

—The probable successor of John Boyle O'Reilly as editor of the Boston *Pilot* is James Jeffrey Roche, who was discovered in commercial life by Mr. O'Reilly some years ago, and has since been the associate editor of the paper. Like Mr. O'Reilly, he is a poet, and he is President of the Papyrus Club, which his former chief started.

—A grove meeting was recently conducted on a Sunday afternoon by Miss Gabrielle Greeley in the beautiful pine grove which her father planted forty years ago on his farm at Chappaqua. A number of Mr. Greeley's old personal friends were present, and Miss Greeley was assisted by O. C. Gilmore, a former slave, and a quartette of colored jubilee singers.



SUMMER NIGHT AMUSEMENT ON THE BLUFF AT CINCINNATI.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 707.]



ROCKWOOD HALL, NEAR TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.—From Photographs.

ROCKWOOD HALL.

Driving northward from Tarrytown along the old Sing Sing turnpike, down through Sleepy Hollow and up the hill by the ancient graveyard, past the spot where Major André was captured, and past several fine country-seats, one comes to the old Aspinwall estate, now the property of William Rockefeller, whereon is situated the grandest country residence in America. It is not in sight from the road, the view being shut out by a grove of magnificent elms and oaks extending down to the stone wall by the road.

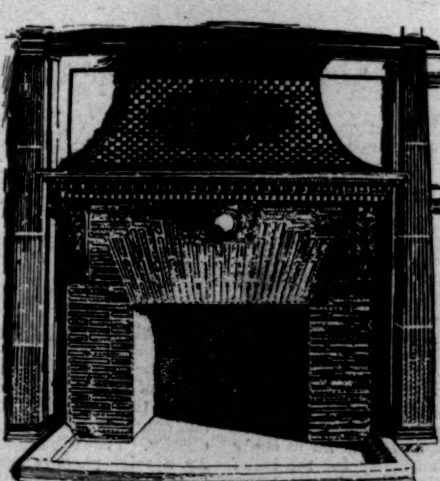
The entrance, a swinging gate suspended from two high granite posts, with an unpretentious but pretty stone lodge-house beside it, gives no evidence of the grandeur which lies beyond. In fact, all that can be seen from the road are the large hot-houses, a small lake, the electric-light station, and the stables. Passing the inspection of a "buttons" at the gate, the visitor proceeds along the winding roadway, ascends a slight rise in the ground, passes through a grove of elms, and emerges to the eastward of Rockwood Hall, which looms up like some great feudal castle conjured up from the pages of mediæval romance. Mr. Rockefeller is of Scottish lineage, and from a Scottish castle Rockwood Hall seems designed. There are two great walled terraces about it, and towers, turrets, and ported parapets crown the walls. The structure is of massive rough stone, three and four stories in height. The wide veranda surrounding the house is roofed in stone, and combined with the sweeping terraces and the huge proportions of the building, it adds greatly to the impressive appearance of the whole structure.

The castle—for so it may truly be called—is situated on the highest point of land of the old Aspinwall estate, which was considered the finest country place on the Hudson. The Aspinwall Manor was a stone structure that cost upward of $100,000. Mr. Rockefeller had it torn down, and the material used in the building of his two great stables. But all the stones of the old mansion sufficed for but a portion of the foundation of these stables. The first of the two terraces is sodded and rolled for tennis-courts. The second, adjacent to the house, is used in front for a roadway, and at the rear—the side facing the river—is paved with mosaic. To the eastward of the house lies a beautiful lawn gently sloping to the woodland. Northward from the house is another wide stretch of greensward. To the west and south are the banks of the Hudson River, covered with a heavy growth of elm, oak, and ash. The wide acres of the estate lie all about—hills and dales, woodland and meadow, with not a human habitation in sight.

Rockwood Hall has two entrances, respectively at the eastern and western end of a long wide hall running through it. At the main entrance, on the north side, powdered footmen receive the visitors beneath the *porte cochère*, ushering them into a superb vestibule paved in mosaic and walled with polished marble and elaborately carved onyx. From this vestibule the visitor steps into the main hall, passing through massive doors of richly carved oak. On a bench of antique carved oak, set back between two great carved pillars, also of oak, sits a row of attendants in livery. At the right is a marble toilet-room for gentlemen, and a marble cloak-room. From the great hall that runs through the building from north to south another wide hall extends through the centre of the building to the L at the western end. Both halls are paved in mosaic, and wainscoted in American oak to the ceiling, which is of papier-maché elaborately designed in a series of domes, each dome fitted with five electric chandeliers.

At the intersection of the two halls a grand staircase leads upward to the top story, making three turns between each floor. The great balustrade, like the wood-work of the hall and the pillars that support it, is of most artistically carved American oak. In the roof of the house immediately over the grand staircase is a dome of cathedral glass, and at each half flight of stairs, opening upward to the air, and separated from the main house by a glass partition, are loggias built entirely of tile—walls, ceiling, and floor in most exquisite designs and colors, yet calculated to withstand the inroads of the weather for centuries, for the windows of these loggias are without glass.

In the main hall there is an immense fireplace, as large as an ordinary drawing-room. It is of mosaic in delicate shades of bright orange and in clear white. Traced in richest artistic design are a dozen small Italian eagles fluttering among bright-hued Italian foliage. A circular hearthstone twenty feet in diameter, also of mosaic, sweeps outward between the carved oaken benches, while on each side of the fireplace, sunk deep back into the wall, are chimney-corner seats, all combining to form an elaboration of the typical old English fireplace that has been immortalized in the works of Scott and Dickens. Over the fireplace there is an indicator, regulated by a gilded weather-vane on the roof.



FIRE-PLACE IN SMOKING-ROOM.

There are 204 rooms in the house. Opening from the hall at the left of the main entrance is the reception-room, an apartment which would have served Queen Elizabeth for a chamber of state. The stained-glass windows light up the rich dark mahogany wood-work, and reveal its exquisite design of inlaid maple. The fireplace is of mosaic, above which is a mantel of African onyx, and above that a mantelpiece of carved mahogany representing a band of cherubs supporting a round mirror of French pier-glass. The ceiling is in gold. The walls are so beautifully frescoed that it seems almost sacrilege to cover them with pictures. This apartment is lighted by seven electric chandeliers.

Next to the reception-room is a music-room, finished in very delicate green—almost white—enamel. The walls are of satin-wood, panelled. The ceilings are of papier-maché, and the fireplace of Pyrian marble, with a small square mirror above it set in a design of papier-maché. This apartment is lighted by a quarter of a thousand of electric lamps scattered here and there in artistic carelessness. In the southeast corner of the mansion is the library, finished in Circassian walnut, the walls wainscoted to the ceiling, which is finished in heavy Gothic beam-work. The fireplace is of block Levantian marble. About the room on all sides and in the bay-windows are carved oaken seats richly upholstered in red plush. The striking contrast between these two rooms—the sombre, massive appearance of the library and the light, dainty air of the music-room—is an example of the manner in which the whole house is finished, each room being different from every other room—a study in itself—and yet combining with the others in one harmonious whole.

Across the hall from the library, and, like it, opening out on the southern veranda and terrace, and looking out upon the Hudson, is the dining-room. This room is finished in mahogany. The walls are wainscoted nearly to the ceiling. The space between is filled with oil-paintings of scenes appropriate to the room. The great sideboard is also of mahogany, and the fireplace is of Siena marble.

Beyond the dining-room, at the southwest corner of the mansion, is the billiard-room, with walls wainscoted to the frescoed domed ceiling, and the fireplace of light-hued onyx reaching across one corner, with a large crescent mirror above it. In the northeast corner is the breakfast-room. This cozy little apartment is finished in gum-wood, wainscoted, with panels eight feet square reaching nearly to the ceiling, and the space above, between it and the ceiling, made to represent "Morning" as pictured in mythology, interspersed with such inscriptions as:

"A day for gods to stoop,
And men to soar."

"The golden sun salutes the morn,
And gallops the zodiac in glittering coach."

"Waked by the circling hours,
With rosy hand unbarred the gates of light."

"So here hath been dawning another blue day.
Think wilt thou let it slip useless away?"

"Out of eternity the new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return."

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

The ceiling is azure blue, with the figures and emblems of the zodiac in gold. The fireplace is of onyx.

Next to the breakfast-room is Mr. Rockefeller's "den." Its walls are of red birch, wainscoted to the painted frieze, and the ceiling is of birch to match the walls. The superb fireplace is of yellow tiling, and the top piece is of birch inlaid with hard oak.

The second and third stories are devoted to sleeping apartments. Each apartment consists of a large chamber, a smaller dressing-room, and a bath-room, together with a small vestibule for an attendant to stand in waiting. Each room is finished in different kinds of wood and in different designs, and has a fireplace of a different shade of onyx. The frescoing in these sumptuous apartments would in itself form a text for an extensive article. One room is adorned with flowers of dainty hues, and has a domed ceiling and a most elaborate centre-piece about the electric chandelier. Another is frescoed in Egyptian figures, another in mythological emblems, another in Indian bows, arrows, and quivers. Mrs. Rockefeller's room, in the southeast corner, beneath the square tower, is of San Domingo mahogany inlaid with empaled veneers of different colors. This room has a bewitching little turret, in which are wide window-seats richly upholstered in embossed leather.

Mr. Rockefeller's room, in the southwest corner over the library, is finished in mottled red birch. It has a bay-window looking out on the Hudson. Between these rooms, over the music-room, is a sitting-room finished to correspond with Mrs. Rockefeller's room. Another room on the west side, facing the Hudson, is daintily finished in white maple. The round-tower room is finished in mottled red birch. In the third story, the room over Mrs. Rockefeller's is finished in quartered oak stained antique. The room over Mr. Rockefeller's is in white pine enamelled. The square-tower room is of natural oak in a heavy style of finish, with a beam ceiling and solid oak panelling. The toilet-rooms are Oriental in their magnificence. They are as large as an ordinary room, and finished in Mexican mahogany, with tiled walls. Each chamber has a separate toilet-room. The attic is finished in white and plain wood-work. There is a large number of rooms here, handsomely furnished, well ventilated and heated, for the accommodation of the servants and Mr. Rockefeller's guests. In the round tower is the smoking-room, and in the square tower the sewing-room; each of them commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding scenery.

Mr. Rockefeller's servants are as well cared for, in fact better, than the guests of the majority of the fashionable summer hotels. The rooms in the L are handsomely finished in hard-wood. The walls are tinted. Nearly every room has a set basin, with hot and cold water, and on each floor there is a fine large bath-room. In several of these rooms, such as the house-keeper's and the butler's, are open fireplaces.

The culinary department is on the same scale, and fitted much in the same way as that of the Hoffman House. The house is heated by hot air; there are no radiators, no registers, or any other visible device ordinarily used for the distribution of heat. The heat enters the rooms through apertures secreted in the foot-boards. Electric bells lead to every room in the house. There are two elevators running from cellar to attic. One is designed for servants and freight. The other is an elegant passenger car.

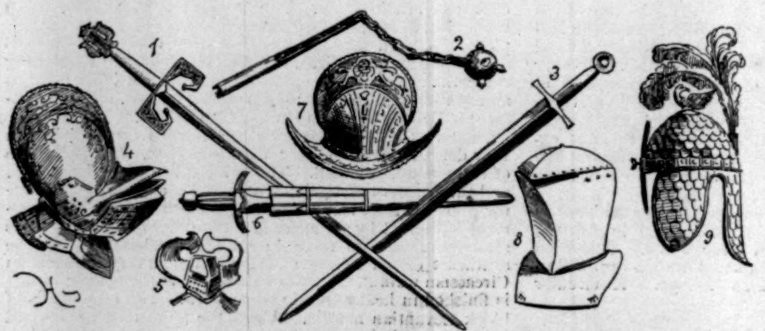
The house is "absolutely fire-proof." It is said that a fire originating in any one room could be confined there by merely closing the doors and letting it burn itself out. Not any of the doors swings on hinges, except those at the main entrance. They slide noiselessly and easily in grooves. The floors are of inlaid American oak highly polished. The roof is tiled with fire-brick painted red. In the rear of the house is a walled yard in which is an ice-house of Ashley stone. The electricity by which the house and grounds are lighted is supplied by a $20,000 electric-light station down under the hill by the side of the lake.

A short distance from the house are Mr. Rockefeller's granite stables, wherein are kept a large number of saddle-horses, in addition to his coach-horses, for the use of his guests. There is a large riding court, with a gallery surrounding it, in the main stable. Beyond this is the coach-house, above which are handsome suites for the attachés of the stables and their families. The stable is fitted with forty square stalls of the most modern design, and is paved with Nicholson blocks. It is to have a riding course laid out within the grounds.

The Rockefeller estate comprises about one thousand acres of beautiful country land overlooking the Hudson from one of the most commanding points on the east shore. Through it run two brooks abounding in trout. Mr. Rockefeller has graded the lawns, trimmed the forest, and laid out macadamized roads. He has populated the woods with gray and black squirrels, and enclosed a deer park. At the river-side he has a stone wharf, with all manner of pleasure-boats, including a steam-launch.

The cost of Mr. Rockefeller's house is estimated at nearly $3,000,000, including the $250,000 which he paid for the land.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller have taken an active supervisory interest in the building of their house, visiting it twice every week during the two years it has been in process of construction. There is not a detail of either the architecture, the interior decoration, or the frescoing that has not received their careful attention and endorsement. The designs of the house were made by the late E. L. Roberts, of New York. The interior architecture is after designs by Carrère & Hastings. The furniture was made according to specifications furnished by the architects, and is chiefly in plush, velvet, and embossed leather, while the curtains, draperies, and carpets comprise many costly and rare fabrics. The furnishings are estimated at $100,000.



1. German Sword, Fourteenth Century. 2. Military Flail, Fourteenth Century. 3. Sword of Thirteenth Century. 4. Burgonet, Sixteenth Century. 5. Helm, Thirteenth Century. 6. Sword, Thirteenth Century. 7. Morion, Sixteenth Century. 8. Tilting Helmet, Fifteenth Century. 9. Polish Skull-Cap, with Nose Piece and Cheek Plates, Seventeenth Century.

THE THEATRICAL ARMORER.

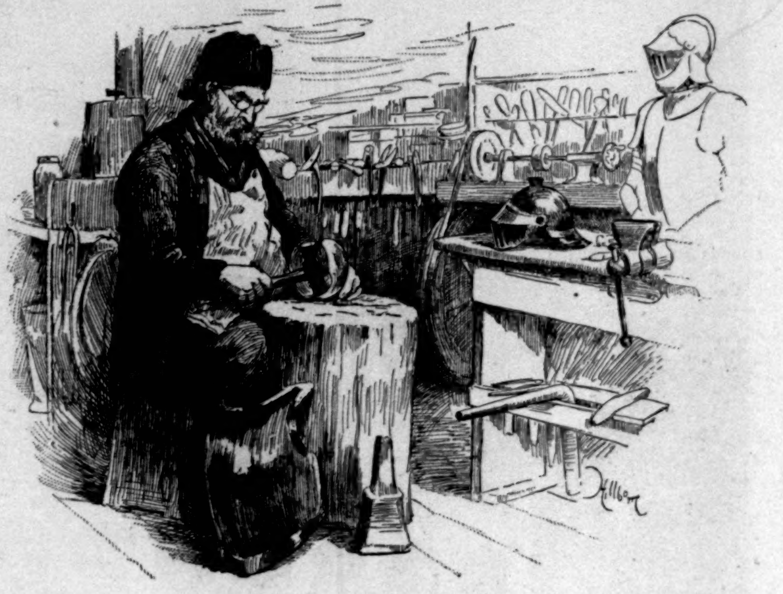
How could I recognize under the prosaic "No. 44" in the catalogue of the theatrical goods man, even when described as "combat swords, brass-plated and iron-mounted," that they were the awe-thrilling weapons of my youth?

It has been my luck to have admired Porthos, Athos, Aramis, D'Artagnan, flashing their brilliant rapiers, to have heard the ring of their steel on the French stage, Alexandre Dumas *père* in person inspiring his musketeers, but never will the sense of witnessing the real, absolute, terrific hand-to-hand combat carry me quite off my legs as when I first saw those swords, and listened to their whackings and clashings in the theatrical scrimmage of my boyhood's days. Occasionally now in burlesque comic villains carry these swords (uncomfortably tucked in their belts, for they never are supposed to want scabbards), and then I know I shall have my full penny's-worth. Mr. Irving has given lambent flames, electric scintillæ, to his rapier in *Faust*, but the real old basket-hilted sword wanted no dynamo to bring out its coruscations. Wielded by the brawny arm of a sturdy supernumerary, who entered into the business *con amore*, those swords would send out a stream of real fiery sparks.

"Is the No. 44 combat swords, brass-plated and iron-mounted, much in demand?" I asked of the theatrical purveying clerk.

"Yes, sir," was the reply of that young gentleman, as he smoothed out the curls of something labelled "Gent's Court or Bag Wig." "They are steady goods. We have constant calls for them in the West. Amatoors, sir, always begin with an order for two or three pair."

I was pleased when the young man told me this, for then I felt satisfied that the natural drama had not quite fled the country. There really are good reasons, however, why I should particularly notice these swords. Archæologically, they are the lineal descendants of those Roman glaves Cæsar's soldiers or Nero's gladiators used. As far as study goes there is good authority for the belief that they differ but little from the exact properties that served the players in the house in Blackfriars and the Globe. While Charles Dickens and the Crummles prodigies live that peculiar sword will never be rusted. A curious chapter has yet to be written on stage armor and theatrical weapons. Tradition might give some help, but the true data would be derivable from a study of old portraits and prints. There is Hogarth's "Company of Strollers," where, in the barn, hugger-mugger, pell-mell, are massed the properties of that ambulant troop—the flags, paint-pots, clouds, drums, trumpets, crowns, mitres, helmets, targets, and daggers.



THE ARMORER AT WORK.

Stage costume, it need not be mentioned, has vastly improved from the time when Betterton played Othello in the scarlet uniform of a British general, with turbaned head, and white gloves on his hands. The anachronism of the past is perfect in Toffany's portrait of David Garrick. The great player is dressed for Macbeth in a full-skirted blue coat, red waistcoat, small-clothes—the whole costume heavily bedizened with gold-lace. If the Athenian manager, when he mounted his stage for a tragedy written by that popular author Sophocles, spent what is equivalent to $500,000 of our money, he was an *entrepreneur* more lavish than was Kemble, who, so the story goes, discharged his property-man because he had in the most reckless manner spent three shillings and fourpence for new baize to cover the throne a King of Denmark was to sit on.

German opera of the Wagnerian creation had made the public familiar with stage armor, and the Bayreuth theatre has been critical in the choice of its models. These armors, however, are not always correct, because picturesqueness gets the better at times of chronological data. A theatre is not necessarily a museum. In the early mediæval period the actual service armor would give the individual was more thought about than the looks of it. If we were to dress Macbeth in his war rig, his breast would be protected by rings of metal, either applied flat or sewed edgewise to a jerkin. He might have gone into the fray covered from waist to neck with a macled coat—that is, shingled over with lozenge-shaped plates of metal. There is a tendency even now to make Macbeth gaudy, and to over-dress him. It is amusing to know that the solemn Macready stalked on as Macbeth with a ridiculous busby on his head.

On the stage the armorer takes for pattern that style used rather for parade than service. Not to deprecate the effects of the knight who appears on the boards, it will generally be found that his business is rather to stalk around, and that he rarely does anything else. Gentlemen in the profession inform an inquirer "that stage armor is a regular nuisance. No matter how light it is, even if worn for a short time, it becomes heavy and cramps you. It is like playing a part in a flour barrel." A distinguished tragedian writes me: "I never put on a suit of armor that it does not bother me. I am afraid that every now and then my dresser has a hard time of it. I am always in dread of something breaking loose. It is good enough in a spectacular way, with an electrical light flashing on you; but when you have to gesticulate, you feel as if your arms were in jointed stove pipes. It is hard enough to be impressive or graceful under ordinary circumstances. I am not partial to lobster—that is, when I am dressed like one. See?"

In looking over the orders and letters of instruction sent a maker of armor, I find how particular are leading performers, and Mr. Booth writes that he will not have anything which cramps the movement of his arms.

In the purely spectacular play, when the corps of Amazons appear with their breastplates, these bellicose young persons wheel and countermarch with a certain amount of dignity. Very brisk motion is rather evaded. As a solid phalanx they are effective, but they never try skirmishing. The ballet-master knows of what tender material his Amazons are made, and how brittle is their covering, and so he never launches them into a rapid gait. To make a woman dance in a metal corsage is an absurdity. It hampers grace. The Minerva in helmet with shield poses immovable. Her dignity would never permit her to cut an *entrechat*.

In an artistic sense, certain forms of casques are horribly ugly. The real helm, used in Europe, hardly dates back earlier than the close of the twelfth century. When an attempt is made to be picturesque, and the soldiers of the time of William the Conqueror are paraded on the stage, many mistakes are made. The Bayeux tapestry shows us a figure supposed to be the Norman leader, who wears a ringed hauberk. He carries a conical casque with a nose-piece. The Anglo-Saxon foe has his body protected pretty much in the same way as the Norman. German warriors as late as the close of the twelfth century still wore scales of metal. The variety of helm is, however, great.

The German knight clapped on his head such eccentric coverings that they seem to us to be ludicrous to-day. Those horns which flare from the helmet present, however, nothing out of the common to those who have studied the subject. Why they were put on a helmet can never be explained, for they must have been very much in the way. They certainly are survivals of a barbaric time when prehistoric man decorated his head with the horns of the auroch he had slain. There might have been the same reason for putting on these horns as induce warlike Chinese and Japanese to have hideous masks as a covering to their heads. Thus accoutred, it was supposed they frightened the enemy.

We have reason to-day to doubt accuracy as to the get up of the knights as Sir Walter describes them at the jousts. Kingsley, having made a more careful study of the time of the Conquest, is nearer to the absolute facts of warlike accoutrements. A bassinet, no matter how superb the carriage of the knight, recalls an ice-cream freezer. Gustave Doré saw the comical element in the mailed man, and his knights are at times drawn purposely funny. He exaggerates, it is true, but many of his outlines are correct. We are disposed to pooh-pooh Doré to-day for "his facility"; but if you want to follow the elegancies of costume with armor and weapons of the close of the fifteenth and of the sixteenth centuries, nothing is better than to study that artist's "Don Quixote."

The tilting helmets of all periods are absurd-looking things. How the man inside of such a head-piece managed to see at all is difficult to understand. German armor, the work of a strictly practical people, was always made on business principles, with the same end in view as has the modern safe manufacturer—the thing locked up inside is to have the greatest amount of security. A knight might be stunned by a tumble from his horse, but to kill him you would have to pick off his shell or work your misericordia dagger through the interstices of his armor.

Up to the sixteenth century I should say that the German armorer was inartistic in his lines, but the material was excellent. German work has not the elegance of the Italian or French. As to morions, the lighter casques, their forms are invariably good, and nothing can be more jaunty than the head-pieces of the time of Henry IV. The Italian and French armorer, and, in lesser degree, even the Englishman, followed out the inspirations of the classic school, and cared for the elegancies. All Polish and Hungarian armor, with a certain Orientalism about it, is martial and striking in form, and when copied on the stage wonderfully effective. One peculiarity of the head-gear is an adjustable nose-piece. The wearer could move this up or down as he pleased. A John Sobieski plumed helm is the most picturesque of all head-coverings.

The ancient Roman soldier (of 1890), when the unities of dress are sought for, has for model such studies as have been obtained from the Trajan column. The cuirass of the infantry was made with overlapping plates of metal, probably of bronze. When in the cavalry protection was due to chain-armor. All Roman helmets are of good form and effective as costumes, and they should have broad chin straps. The peculiarity of the Roman or Greek cuirass worn by men of rank lies in this: it was a metal shell modelled on the muscular development of the wearer's chest, exaggerating some little the contours. There is a fine cuirass, worn probably by a centurion attached to the legion of Varus, now in existence. It is of bronze ornamented with silver disks (*phaleræ*).

Early forms of Greek casques are obtainable from statues, and they have nose-pieces. The casques of the gods and heroes are copied from the painted vases and the superb coins of the past. Roman emperors adopted for parade costume something of the Greek styles, but generally the Roman debased the purer Hellenic lines. The helmet of the cuirassier of Napoleon I. recalls the outline of the Greek and Roman casque, as does the head-covering of the Parisian *pompier*. The helmet of our own dragoons in the past shows persistence of form, and so in a certain measure does the Prussian spiked helmet. The gladiatorial helmet has no beauty about it. It has a lowering and threatening look, as if made for the cruel business. We use it now on the stage, its introduction being due to a famous French painter. It is ugly, but accurate.

Mistakes as to the length of Roman or Greek swords need not be made. The old artillery sword is a close imitation of the original form. It always should be short. The Roman legionary wanted his enemy at close quarters. He did not give his foe the edge, but the point of his glave; twenty-two inches is an average length. He wore his weapon on his right side, not on the left, and it was hung high up. Whether the soldier drew the sword with his left hand, and then transferred it to his right hand, we cannot tell. We are not to suppose that he was ambidextrous. Though we do know something about the formation of the Roman squadrons, their drill sergeant has left little that is available for the minor details. When the Roman traversed the seas, he crossed his straight weapon with the curved one, but he never adopted the crooked arm.

We want to imitate the work of those famous steel and iron workers of Brescia, Florence, Milan, Turin, Oviedo, Toledo, St. Étienne, Mauberge, Sheffield, Spandau, Solingen, Linz, whose armors tried to protect the hides of the heroes of the past. I leave Richard of the Lion Heart, St. Louis, Joan of Arc (possibly the first of her sex to wear a tailor's-fit suit of mail), who fought painim or English or French under protection of coats of mail, and I come down to the actual requirements of Mr. Snittle Timberry, Jun., so well known to-day as the son of that leading tragedian who figured half a century in the famous Crummles Company.

Mr. S. Timberry is to play Richard or Henry in the legitimate drama, or the Bandit Baron in the illegitimate. He is a particular man, well educated, and knows what are his requirements. He has not to search long. He will find an armorer who will rig him out *cap-a-pie*, but not with exactly the same celerity as if he went to a tailor for a ready-made business suit. The exact measures being taken, the armorer will hammer him up his metallic suit. The tailor in sheet-iron, brass, or tin has his book of fashions. They may not be *à la mode* for to-morrow, for fashions are not anticipated, but they go back anywhere from 1600 A.D. to 300 B.C.

The illustration presents the theatrical armorer of to-day at his work, and really the accessories differ but little from the man and his tools as shown in an old illuminated picture of the thirteenth century, representing an artificer tinkering at an actual helm. Our own armorer of Brooklyn may not be a Springginklee of Passau, who alone had the privilege and distinction of fitting out that doughty emperor Charles IV. for the fray or tourney, but our own man can turn out very nice and accurate work (to look at), only instead of steel he uses tin. Nevertheless, though our suit be light, it has to stand a certain amount of wear and tear, and even strain. You are not to expect that when Mr. S. Timberry dashes for the foot-lights, and lets full drive at his dastardly opponent with his gleaming falchion, or is intent on mashing his foe with the blunt end of his battle-axe, and he cries, "Die, catiff, die!" he is to remember that he is cased in tin, and that a stunning effect hangs on the tenacity of a strap and buckle.

The detail in some of the suits of this modern harness is very great. There is the gauntlet, supposed to hurl defiance. "the mailed hand," so often lugged in by the dramatist. It is made up of one hundred and forty pieces. It is a nicely articulated bit of work, and quite supple. The tin is beaten out into exact shapes by a variety of hammers. The embossing follows any pattern. You can get your armor damascened, inlaid, purfled, or *repoussé*. The ornamentations are carried out by means of carefully worked up gilt studs. Any blazon you may have put on your corselet, and no herald at arms dare interfere.

It is not generally considered in good form for an actor to show off his back to an audience, but when he does this clad in armor, a short cloak or cape or mantle conceals the nether side. Armor at the back of a man is hardly effective. The knee business, so as to allow the flexing of the leg, requires a good deal of care. A hitch or a catch there might strip the leg of its covering, and expose the misplaced padding of the calf.

A leading performer wanting his harness may have to try on his armor more than once. A rivet, not a stitch, may have to be hammered in here or taken out there. The actor has to put it on, and sometimes carries on a dress rehearsal all by himself. When the suit is accepted, then a plating of nickel gives the tin its proper lustre. When aluminium will be worth a dollar a pound, then the actor can have a light, durable, and handsome suit of mail.

"Formerly," said the theatrical armorer, as he shaped a *genouillère*, or knee-piece, carefully tapping the metal with an assortment of small hammers—"formerly France and England supplied the profession, but now it is almost all made in the United States. I have just turned out some pieces for Mr. Booth. He is very particular. Repairs and refurbishing are constant. It is not so easy to keep falling dead in a suit of armor every day in the week, and expect it to stand. Actors really do more work in armor than the old knights. Shields are for show. I have made them, however, that would stand any amount of hacking—ironclads, in fact—but then they must be heavy. Oh, sir, did you say *papier-maché?* Pray don't mention it. It's not true art. Gentlemen never could speak their lines properly clad in paper covered over with Dutch metal. Papier-maché belongs to the variety-show business. I may charge for an extra suit of armor, gauntlets and all, $150, according to finish. When I make corselets in quantity, as for an opera chorus, they will come to $3 or $4 apiece. Yes, sir, there is at times a demand for horse armor—chamfrons, they call the head coverings for horses; and poitrel, that is the breast piece; and croupière, that's for the rump. Did you ever know, sir, that the Germans had leg armor for their horses? No, sir, he could not be expected to trot fast. A horse, sir, makes a splendid show when in armor, and it does not make much matter what kind of a horse it is. It's a lovely spectacle, sir, when the horse snorts. There are daggers in my line. That is a dagger where the blade runs into the handle. The illusion is quite perfect. A good many Cæsars have been killed that way. I got up something for the Corsican Brothers which was telling. It was a French dodge. When the rapier went through the man, you saw it coming through his back. He was spitted. The man who was run through had about five inches of a blade, held by a spring, secured to his back, and that flew up and stood out straight at the proper moment. But those things are the asides of my business."

"Do actors ever consult you as to their armor?" I asked.

"The intelligent ones do; but I have hard work with the ignorant ones, who want to dress an Ingomar in armor of the sixteenth century. Ah! sir, it was a fine calling, that of mine, when the real thing was made." Here the old theatrical armorer sighed.

"Then you regret the past, and despise gunpowder?" I asked.

"I can't say but what I do. Do you know, sir, that when I was a lad I saw the last remnant of armor in use?"

"And what was that?"

"The gorget round the neck. It was in use by the English officer when in full uniform; and the little crescent in metal worn under the throat up to 1835, if not later, was a symbol of rank in the French service, and you will see that some officers of the American Revolution wore gorgets." B. P.

CORONADO BEACH.

THE double-page drawing represents a segment of the crescent beach of Coronado, which is twenty-five miles long, Point Loma, which forms the north side of the entrance to the harbor of San Diego, in the distance, one end of the magnificent Hotel del Coronado, and a group on the sands of the shore. This might be at any season, for there is no time of the year when it is not agreeable to loiter there, and people go into the surf on Christmas Day as well as on the Fourth of July, and in January as well as in June. The temperature does not vary much throughout the year. The nights are never hot, the days are pretty uniformly sunny, though the visitor may chance in the winter months upon a week or two of cloudy and unpleasant weather, with more or less rain. There is scarcely a day in the year, however, when one cannot enjoy a portion of it out-of-doors. The peculiar distinction of the place is that it is an equally agreeable summer resort and winter resort. The situation is unique. The long spit of sand running out from the mainland to form the harbor is here about a mile in breadth, and fifty feet or so above the sea-level. On one side is the spacious harbor, the city of San Diego rising up the slope, and the circle of mountains in the distance. On the other side is the Pacific, sweeping up from the south in long rolls, always sparkling and changing in color, the Coronado Islands playing hide-and-seek in the varying atmosphere; and this splendid water view is embraced by the Mexican hills on the one side, and the long narrow ridge of Point Loma, which stretches out into the ocean, on the other. There are views in all directions of which one never tires, for they have the elements of largeness and repose, and yet of infinite variety in changing lights.

This long sand beach broadens into two plateaus, called North and South Beach. The North forms one side of the harbor entrance. On the South Beach stands the mammoth hotel. In 1887 this beach was a waste of sand and chaparral; it is now for the most part a blooming garden, with pretty cottages and drives, sumptuous in tropical foliage and blazing with color. Its gardens, in bloom the year through, rival the most carefully kept conservatories. In situation and construction the hotel is unique, and if one resents hearing it called the finest in the world, he will find it difficult to name another that has so many peculiar attractions, and is at once so imposing and so home-like. The architecture is varied and highly picturesque, and adapted to light, spaciousness, and comfort within. It covers about four and a half acres, of which one acre is taken up with the interior Spanish-like court, surrounded by charming galleries. This court is a mass of brilliant flowers and tropical foliage. The suites of apartments about it "give" upon this scene of color and verdure, and upon the ocean or the inner harbor. On the ocean side are broad verandas on each story, enclosed in glass, which are safe and lovely promenades for the delicate in any weather. The house is artificially kept at a temperature agreeable to invalids, whenever the absence of sun or a light fog makes extra warmth desirable. The rotunda, ballroom, music-rooms, and dining-room are vast in proportions and most pleasing in color and construction. The irregularity of form admits of delightful nooks and corners inside and outside, and the enthusiasm of the visitor is awakened as much by the corners of the hotel as by its airiness, spaciousness, and "palatial" dimensions and aspect. The setting of this magnificent building in a brilliant and semi-tropical vegetation on the brink of the sea adds a crowning attraction. The locality has an unequalled dry marine climate. It ranks very high as a sanitarium, especially for women and children, and generally for diseases of the nerves, the digestive and respiratory organs. The pure water from the Coronado Spring, though tasteless and freely used for bathing and drinking, has medicinal properties, and is very beneficial in renal diseases. It is a good place also to get rid of "nervous prostration." The beach offers many modes of recreation besides driving, boating, and fishing. It has a fine race-track, and on the North Beach coursing for rabbits. The Hotel del Coronado needs only to become known to be a favorite summer and winter resort.

DRINKING THE WATERS AT SARATOGA.

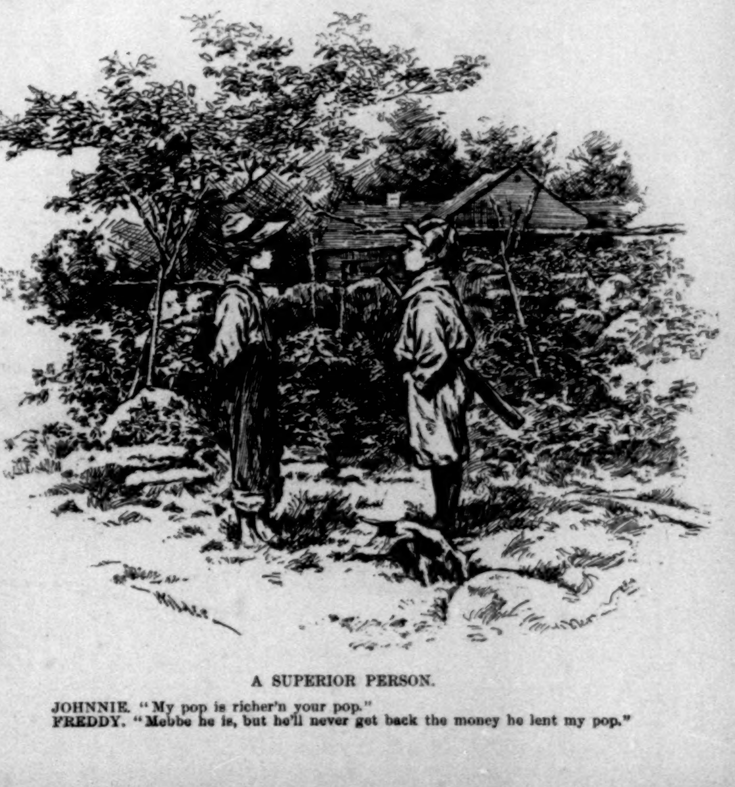
SARATOGA may be called the Baden-Baden of America. It shares with the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia the honor of being the oldest of American spas. It is a watering-place which has steadily risen in repute and prosperity, until now it is famous over the civilized world. The European who visits this country during the summer months finds himself impelled to see Saratoga and Newport as two distinctive American scenes not to be overlooked. This is specially true of Saratoga, which reflects our national traits to a degree not quite true of Newport. The latter home of palaces by the sea has a certain air of aristocratic exclusion and leisure far less lively than that engendered by the commingling of classes at Saratoga.

The great New York spa has a history. It was noted among the Indians long before the Revolution as a sanatorium. Here the red men brought their sick sachems to drink the healing waters. Hither the dying Sir William Johnson was brought by his faithful Mohawk carriers as a last resort. Cooper, in his *Last of the Mohicans*, gives us the curious Indian traditions of the place in the quaint words of "Hawk-Eye," or Natty Bumppo. The ancient "High Rock" Spring is still famous among the thirty odd wells of healing that now gush from the bowels of the great laboratory of nature. One needs but the eye of fancy to call up a long and picturesque procession of health-seekers drinking their daily tonic at the spring, from the elegant fashionable woman or the languid swell of 1890 to the sombre and naked savage of two centuries ago, who sought here in the primeval depths of the forest the last chance in his grapple with disease.

Saratoga Springs is now one of the most beautiful and picturesque of American towns. Its solidly built shops and public structures, its magnificent hotels and innumerable boarding-houses, its fine private villas, its broad and shaded streets and perfectly kept grounds, all attest its prosperity. Curiously enough, it has always been a Mecca of politicians as well as of invalids and fashionable pleasure-seekers. Nearly all the great statesmen of the country have for the last fifty years made it a favorite resort. Here came Webster, Clay, Marcy, and their distinguished contemporaries of both parties, to mingle business and pleasure, to drink the waters, enjoy one of the most delightful of summer climates, and consult on the ordering of political campaigns. This tradition has not been lost, and no other watering-place can equal Saratoga in the number of prominent public men who take their recreation here. It is the great home, too, of political and other conventions, and not a summer passes which does not witness one or more gatherings of this kind.

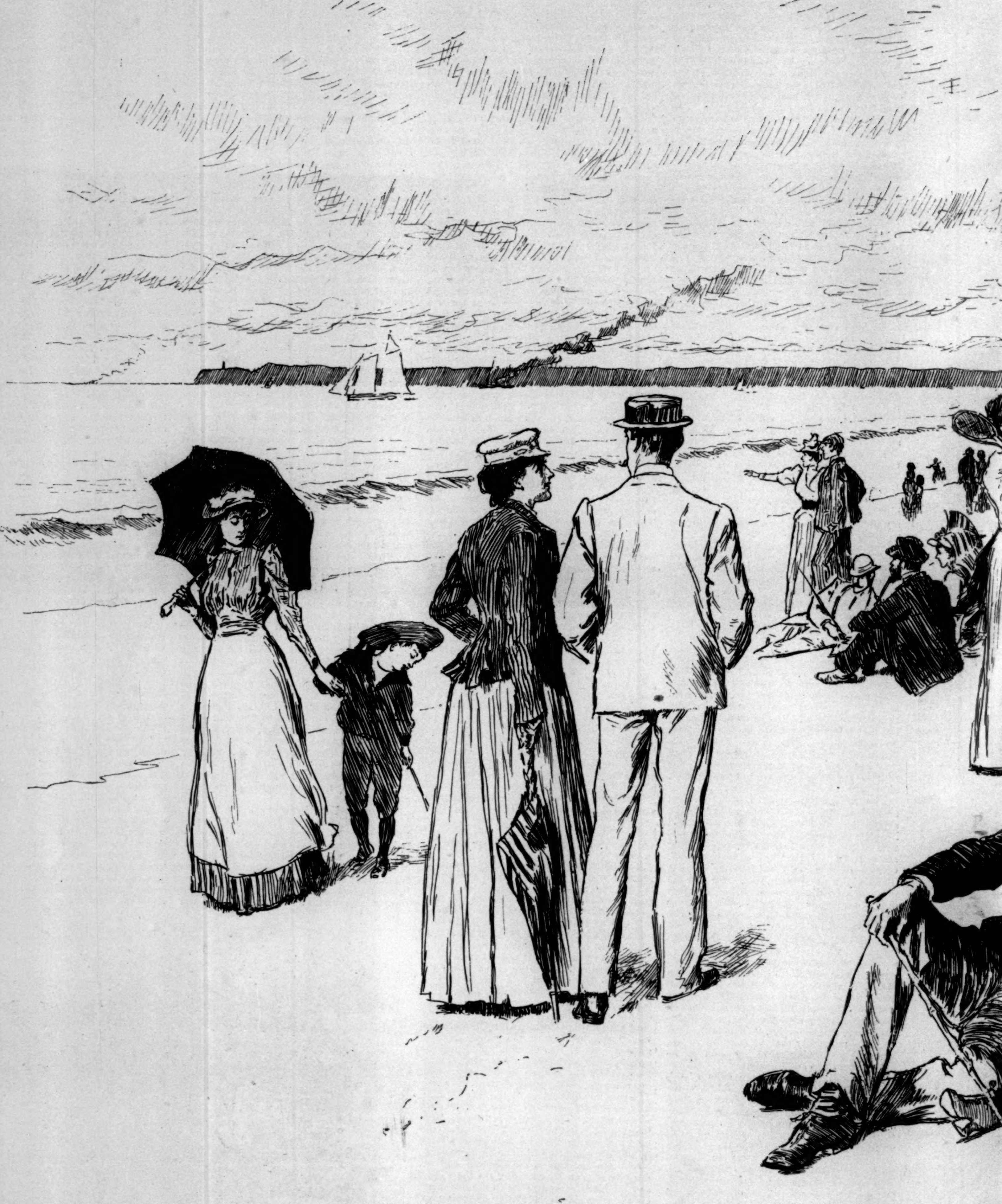
Although Saratoga is the haunt of the wealthy and fashionable, and of the *nouveaux riches*, who specially resort hither to take their first polishing plunge into the vortex of social dissipation, it is equally the rendezvous of staid old-fashioned people, who find in its associations, its climate, and its waters an irresistible attraction which none of its numerous rivals possess. This is an element in Saratoga summer life which the acute observer at once detects. Amidst the whirl of gayety and frivolity and the dizzy rattle of fashion, it furnishes a substantial feature of great interest. Noble-looking old men and sweet-faced, gray-haired women, the most respectable and dignified people in the land, give tone and quality to the wealthy rabble, and furnish a happy ideal of personal bearing and good manners to the imitator. The curious charm of Saratoga life to the casual visitor who is a student of human nature as well is the fact that beyond any other American resort it is a social microcosm, in which our distinctive national traits are so happily portrayed in miniature.

Many, of course, care little or nothing for the waters which Saratoga has in such rich variety. The pleasure of drinking Congress, Empire, Hathorn, Washington, Geyser, High Rock, or Pavilion waters, fresh and unpolluted from the bubbling fountain, is omitted from the daily round after the first goblet taken as a propitiation to the guardian nymph of the place. But there are many faithful to the nominal duty of the morning. These are not only invalids, but robust people, who drink the sparkling waters with the thirsty gusto and relish of the toper at his cups. The numerous pavilions which protect the springs scattered about Saratoga, many of them pretty temple-like structures, are at the proper hour of the morning always gathering spots for numerous throngs, each member waiting his turn for the tonic draught. This scene is happily represented by the illustration on our front page. It is a fact of curious interest that the wealth of Saratoga in mineral waters is inexhaustible. Every few years a new spring is discovered, which speedily rivals the older ones in popularity.

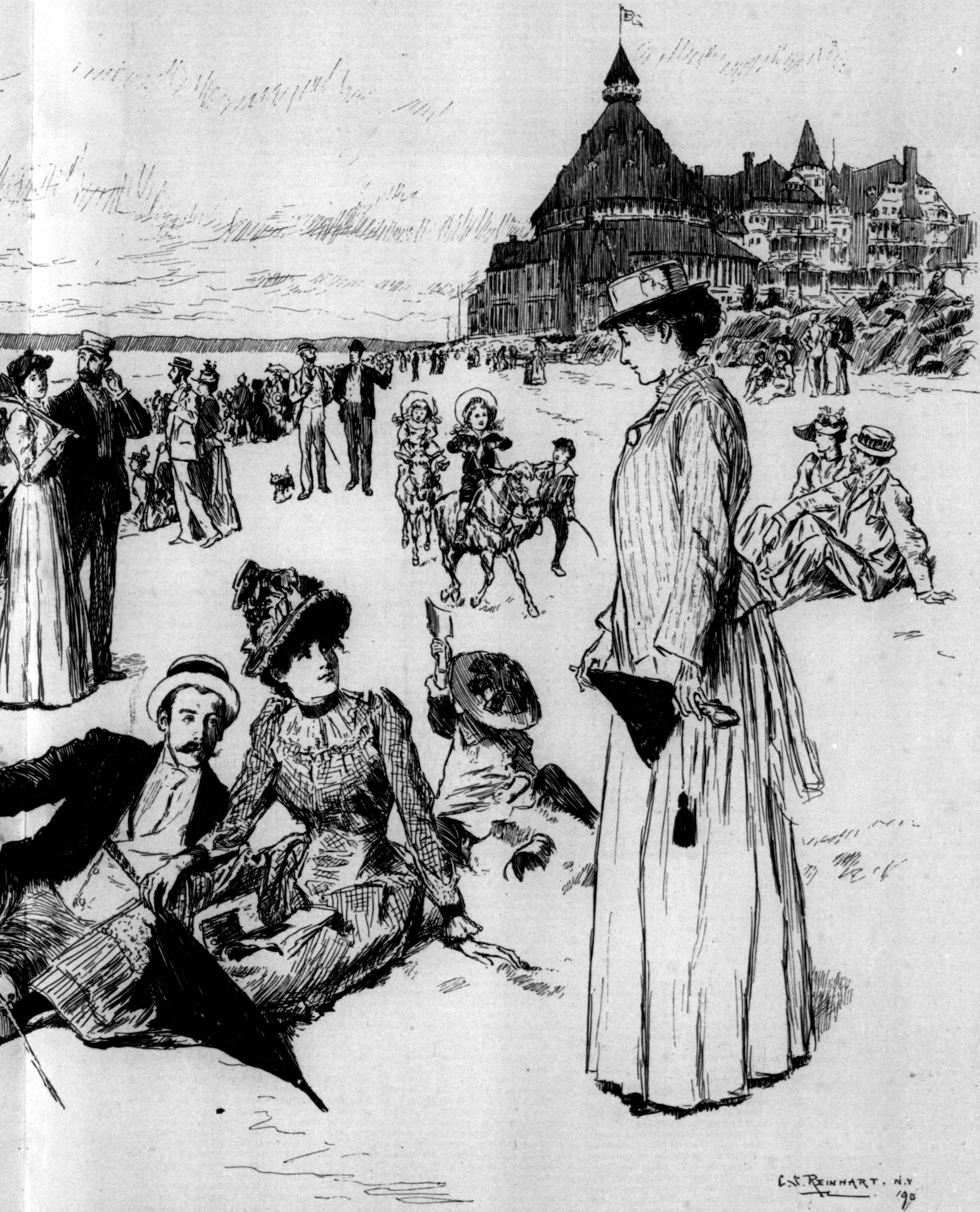


A SUPERIOR PERSON.

JOHNNIE. "My pop is richer'n your pop."
FREDDY. "Mebbe he is, but he'll never get back the money he lent my pop."



CORONADO BEACH, SOUTHERN CALIFORN


C.S. REINHART. N.Y '90

RNIA.—Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.—[See Page 699.]

MR. SNOW AND MISS LAURA.

"WELL, if there ain't Fletcher Snow a-takin' what he calls his quiet strawl in the midst of this hurricane!" said Miss Jane Trueworthy, peering from the kitchen window, with her spectacles pushed up from her twinkling black eyes.

"It must be a quiet strawl with the wind a-blowin' great guns 'n' the rain a-beatin' at this rate; but there, he'd go that same way over that bleak hill every afternoon till October come in if the very Old Nick himself stood in his way," replied her sister, Miss Lucretia.

"Of course he would; 'tain't his habit to take the valley road for his strawl till the fust day of October. Do you s'pose there's anything in the world but bein' sick abed or death itself 't would prevent his takin' that quiet strawl at jest half past three in the winter 'n' five in the summer?"

"Well, I don'no'. He's boarded with us twenty years now, 'n' I don't remember his ever leavin' or puttin' it off but twice in all that time. He's surprisin' healthy for sich an idle man. 'Twasn't sickness that kep' him home then, but his uncle 'n' uncle's wife appeared all of a sudden, a-visitin' from heathendom, where they had been missionaries, jest as he was a-settin' out—don't you remember?—an' he *hed* ter wait a few minutes ter say how d'e do, then a-gittin' off some excuse, he put up the hill as if 'twas a case o' life 'n' death, leavin' them dretful surprised. 'Twas jest afore his uncle's death, too; the last time they ever met. 'N' another time the drifts was over his head all the way through the valley, 'n' the folks didn't get his quiet strawl shovelled out fur him in time, though he paid over five dollars for a-doin' of it; 'n' my land! how he *did* work at it himself! That come near givin' him a spell o' sickness, he was so unused ter any exertion. He was pale as a scarecrow the next mornin'."

"Land, yes, I remember. What thunder-showers he's been through in all this time! It 'peared last year that they come up 'bout five o'clock a purpose ter plague him. 'N' what dretful cold storms 'n' winds he's fit! Sich a hurricane as this don't come every day, though. Land! if there ain't one of our trees a-bein' twisted ter pieces! I hope the roof won't go over our heads. It's jest as much as Fletcher ken do ter git along. See, he has ter stop every minute or two."

"Well, he's in the habit o' doin' it; so he'd be more mis'rable if he didn't do it than ter be beat 'n' buffeted by the wind. I declare he *is* the oddest 'bout some things of any man I ever see. Sometimes I think it grows upon him, too."

"Do you know," said Miss Lucretia, after a little pause, "I've sometimes run of an idee that he's pleased with our Lorry? He was real took aback when she went away ter school two years ago, 'n' acted kinder out of his head after she'd gone, it 'peared to me, though I didn't say nothin' 'bout it at the time; 'n' how pleased he was when she come home for her vacation last summer! He come near puttin' off his yearly visit out West on account of it; forgot 'twas the day of the month he was in the habit o' going, till he hed to hire Jed Thomas ter drive him over ter the Port with his fast horse ter ketch the train; 'n' how real kinder mournful he looked when he said good-by! But he staid out his usual time to a day, of course."

"'Twas only because he was in the habit o' seein' her round that he missed her. What won't you git up next, Lucretia Trueworthy? He pleased with Lorry! Why, she's a babe in arms compared to him! It's ridicklous enough to think of his bein' pleased with anybody, to say nothin' of Lorry."

"Lorry's twenty come Christmas. Plenty o' men of his age hev married women younger than she is," persisted Miss Lucretia; "'n' I know he *is* pleased with her. You'll see 't he is, Jane; 'n' for my part, I shouldn't be sorry fur her ter have him. He's a real good soul if he is odd 'n' set—don't use bad language, nor git mad about politics; 'n' except smokin'—the best o' men will smoke now 'n' then—hasn't got any bad habits. He's the richest man in the whole town, too, by a long chalk—full as rich as anybody in the county, mebbe; and Lorry was born extravagant, 'n' she's got dretful little of her own, poor child!"

"He's got the bad habits of bein' perfectly idle, 'n' bein' a slave to every little notion that gets hold of him. Lorry 'd drive him wild in a day, 'n' she wouldn't stan' his ways, nohow, as what half-sane woman would? She's jest as flighty as he is sot. How your mind does run away with you, Lucretia!"

"Well, there he comes, 'n' I'm a-goin' to see how he looks when I tell him Lorry's a-comin' home fur good to-morrer."

"Hush, Lucretia! he's comin' the back way, 'n' what's to hender him frum hearin' you?"

"Really quite a gale—quite a gale," said a tall, angular gentleman, opening the door at this moment. "Excuse my dripping condition, but I thought I would better come through the kitchen than the front hall, under the circumstances."

"Yes," said Miss Jane. "Won't you set down by the fire 'n' dry yourself? It feels real good, if 'tis midsummer. I declare, you look all tuckered out!"

"Oh no; the daily exercise I take is no more than is needful for health"—wiping his heated brow.

"Um! I guess you wouldn't hold out long if you took such exercise as this every day. The wind is a-takin' a good deal more exercise 'n common, it 'pears ter me. I see timbers a-flyin' in the air over in the direction of Jones's Hill just before you went out, 'n' one of our trees is tore to pieces."

"Ah, yes; but it moderated considerably after that. It still continues to be rather severe, however"—with a wave of the hand, as if to wave away all further conversation on the subject of the storm. "The fire seems cheerful, at least," he added, seating himself cozily in the chimney-corner.

"I hope 'twill be fair to-morrer," said Miss Lucretia, poking the fire to a livelier blaze.

"Do you expect your niece by the morning or afternoon train?" inquired Mr. Snow, seeming to understand why she wished it to be fair at once.

"Land sakes! how did you know she was a-comin' to-morrer?" inquired Miss Lucretia, who seldom kept back anything which arose in her mind.

"Really I cannot tell. That is—of course I should remember; Miss Laura and I were very good friends before she went away."

"I didn't know as we'd mentioned the time. We didn't hardly know ourselves till last week. She stopped to William's in the city to see about buyin' a pianer. She expects ter give lessons when she gits home. The melodeon she's got orter do. 'Twas a real expensive instrument, 'n' is jest as good 's new, but she says she can't bear the sight of it, let alone the sound."

"Ah," said Mr. Snow, stroking his beard thoughtfully; "Miss Laura sings remarkably well, and has fine musical abilities, I should think."

"She 'pears to me ter be goin' back sence she took lessons in the city. There don't seem to be no tune to what she plays, 'n' she does sing so loud and so kind er singular."

"It bothers me to think how we're a-goin' ter git Lorry home from the depot down 't the corner," put in Miss Jane, who never liked to hear so much useless talk. Music was well enough to earn a living by, but it didn't pay to talk about it. "Old Whitey is lame, Job Tredick's a-goin' over to the Port with his horse to-morrer, Tom Hill's a-usin' his a-hayin', and Lisher Clark's let his to them summer folks down ter Potter's to go up ter Corn Pond. 'Pears as if she'd hev to walk if 'tis near three milds, 'n' let the stage-driver bring over her baggage the next afternoon. If there was anybody 't could drive your horse, Mr. Snow, I should ask ter borrer it, you bein' such an old friend, or I should ask you—"

"I shall be delighted to go for Miss Laura," said Mr. Snow, rising from his chair in his eagerness—"delighted."

"But the train she's a-comin' in gets in jest about the time you start for your afternoon strawl. You ain't in the habit of givin' *that* up, you know," with a little sarcastic emphasis on the word habit.

"Oh!" he said, his face lengthening dismally. "But couldn't— Levi Long can drive—"

A bustle in the front hall and the sound of voices arrested his speech. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked the object of their speech, rosy and smiling.

"Here I am, you two dear old things! I was very nearly blown away, but not quite." And seizing both the little old ladies in her arms, she kissed them heartily, though they submitted to this demonstration with evident reluctance and embarrassment. "And you too, Mr. Snow—I have a great mind to kiss you too," with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes as she witnessed the horror of her aunts.

As for Mr. Snow, he looked quite delighted, though he placed one hand on his left collar-bone, which he always did when somewhat agitated in mind.

"Why—why, Lorry, how 'n the world did ye happen to come to-day? You wrote you was comin' to-morrer; 'n' how 'n under the sun did you git here in this hurricane? I should ha' been worried to death if I'd a-known you was out in it," said both aunts in the same breath.

"I came to-day because I found, after I wrote, that a friend was coming this way as far as Greatport, so that I should not be obliged to travel all the distance alone; and I wasn't out in the worst of the hurricane, by any means, Aunt Jane. The stage-driver drove into Luke Hobart's barn, and there we waited until it abated considerably. Terrible, wasn't it? Several buildings were unroofed along the road. I expected every moment that our house would meet me half-way. But what makes you look so pale, Mr. Snow? Are you ill?"

"Oh, it is nothing; merely a little fatigue, Miss Laura."

"Mr. Snow's walk this afternoon was rather too much for him," said Miss Jane. "Hurricanes ain't pleasant company on a strawl. Supper 'll be ready in about fifteen minutes," she called after the gentleman in question, who was leaving the room rather hastily.

"You don't say that that misguided man went on his quiet, meditative afternoon stroll in the midst of this frightful tempest?" said Laura, as soon as he had disappeared.

"Why, of course; he's in the habit of doin' it. 'Twould take more'n a hurricane to keep him at home."

"Or to sit up one moment after half past ten at night," laughed Laura. "I'm going to break him of these absurd habits; you see if I don't."

"*You!*" said Miss Jane, aghast. "Lorry, I'm 'shamed of you. You don't take one mite after the Trueworthys, a-bein' ser forrard, certain. It's a girl's place ter be modest 'n' pritty behaved, not ter be tryin' ter c'rect the habits of an old bach like Mr. Snow."

"You couldn't do it, nohow, Lorry," said Miss Lucretia. "He's perliter'n a man thet wants ter git voted for on town-meetin' days; he likes to oblige"—with a wave of her hand in exact imitation of the gentleman in question—"but as for puttin' off that quiet strawl, or goin' astray from any o' them sot ways, why, if 'twould save your life he wouldn't do it, unless he forgot; 'n' if he forgot, he'd be so dretful out about it you'd pity him, certain. He got awful punished fur that quiet strawl in the hurricane to-day. He won't let on nothin' about it, but I'm 'most certain he hurt his shoulder pritty bad. Probably somethin' blowed aginst it, for when he thought nobody was a-lookin' I see him rubbin' of it, 'n' every time he touched a particklar spot, he winced dretfully. He'd go jest the same another time if it blowed even harder, though."

"I used ter think he must go ter meet some secret 'p'intment," said Miss Jane, thoughtfully; "but, lor! 'bout all the boys 'n' girls round here have followed him on the sly, but he don't do nothin' but go moonin' round the field pickin' flowers, and standin' still now 'n' then to git a view of the ocean. But, there! it 'pears as if we might git something more interestin' to talk about than Fletcher Snow. He's all we have to see or hear or talk to the year round, 'n' I don't know as there's anything so remarkable about him. He's jest a sot old bach, bound ter have his own way, 'n' because he 'ain't got nobody else ter spite a-havin' of it, he spites himself."

"But what makes him so odd, Aunt Jane? Do you think he was crossed in love when he was a young man? I have heard that that made people queer."

"Crossed in fiddle-sticks! The most that ails him is bein' an only child. His father 'n' mother were both real old maids too; havin' but one child 's likely ter make folks old maidish, 'n' he was jest tied to his mother's apron-string. Old Granny Paine knew 'em when he was little, 'n' she says he wasn't 'lowed to have all his playthings at a time, but played with wooden soldiers Monday, 'n' a tin trumpet Tuesday, and so on. When she came to board here—this was her native place, you know, 'n' she had a notion that her native air would cure her, though she was well along in old-fashioned consumption then—she had money enough to go 'n' stay anywheres in this world, but she wanted ter live jest as she used to when she was a little girl, 'n' run of an idee that drinkin' jest so much warm milk, and sniffin' jest so much pine 'n' ocean breeze at jest the same time, was a-goin' ter bring her up right away. 'N' she *did* improve consid'able at fust. Her husban' was dead then, he died when Fletcher was 'bout sixteen, and when she come here he'd been through college and taken a tour to Europe, but nothin' to do but she must have him with her, 'n' he come and staid, for he was a real dutiful son. She lived eight years after he came, 'n' he had to fall into all her ways as a matter of course: this walkin', 'n' eatin', 'n' goin' ter bed, 'n' risin' up, 'n' everything else jest at the same minute, at the p'int of the sword. I used ter pity him then, thinkin' 'twas too bad for a young man that could take his pick o' sitooations in the world should be tied down to habits like that, but lor, he begun ter show thet he was a chip o' the old block in less 'n no time. He had his little ailments, 'n' 'tended to 'em reg'lar. He was the toughest 'n' healthiest feller thet ever lived in reality, jest as he is now, but when folks don't hev nothin' else ter do, it comes real handy to invent diseases. Then from bein' the awfulest extravagant that ever was he got ter be kind er scairt o' spendin' money, 'n' took a fancy to mendin' things, though we really did laugh him out o' some things in the beginnin'. He used ter hunt up an old tin dish that cost perhaps ten or fifteen cents when 'twas new, 'n' tinker on it for half a day or more with a bit o' putty, 'n' be tickled ter death when he got it mended. Then he got ter tunin' pianers for the girls 'round, 'n' liked nothin' better than ter get our melodeon ter pieces 'n' put it together agin, pretendin' it was out of order some way. Sometimes, I s'pose, it *did* need fixin', but gen'rally it didn't. But if he could git our old clock ter strike wrong, or git a minute out of the way, then he was in his glory. He'd work days 'n' days over it, with his forehead all wrinkled up and the sweat a-standin' on his face. He's grown lazier now. He likes to fix the clock once in a while when it is *really* out of order, and tinkers consid'able at all his watches. What a c'lection of 'em he's got, anyhow—much 's twenty, I catilate! But you don't ketch him ter take the m'lodeon ter pieces now'days, nor be forever tunin' one of his violins. When his mother died I thought he'd be sure ter go away. What could a young man like him be expected to find 'tractable in a country place like this? He warn't courtin' nobody here, 'n' 'twas high time he was settled in life. He was college bred, 'n' high up in the classicals, 'n' he a-wastin' his time 'n' tarlents here tinkering pots 'n' kittles 'n' musical instruments 'n' clocks free gratis, keepin' an exact account o' the weather, like an ole Prob, a-wavin' his handkerchief to see what way the wind was. But he kep' a-stayin' on; said he'd got in the habit o' livin' here, 'n' couldn't make no other place seem like home; and I declare, I don'no' as I see any difference in him durin' all this time, only he's grown lazier, 'n' that keeps him from doin' quite so many idiotic things as he use'ter. Land! I wished he *had* gone away after his mother died. The pay we've got for his board's been a good income to us, but I'm sick a-hevin' ter talk so much about him. Now p'r'aps you'll be able to talk about somethin' or somebody else, Lorry, seein' 's I ain't seen ye before fur a year or more, nor Lucretia either. She's alwus willin' to give up everything fur the sake of hevin' his doin's over, though. Sometimes I run of an idee that she's pleased with him."

"No, 'tisn't Aunt Crete, it's I who am pleased with him," laughed Laura. "I'd forgotten how queer he was, though."

"Well, you've heard all about him over 'n' again. Now let's talk about the hurricane. I never did think an extry dose of edication improved girls' ways."

When Miss Jane arose the next morning she was somewhat disturbed in her mind to discover her niece walking in the garden with Mr. Snow.

"She must 'a' known 'twas his habit to git up and go out there the fust thing; 'n' how it does look fur her to be a-runnin' out there after him!"

"Better shet Lorry up in the trundle-bed room mornin's, where you used ter when she was little, 'n' made faces at Granny Brooks, till he sees fit ter come in ter the house," said Miss Lucretia, scornfully. "I don't see no other way."

"I wish ter goodness I could manage her as easy as thet now. 'N' you're nothin' but a stumblin'-block in the way, Lucretia. You encourage this kind o' behavior. Oh laud-a-mercy! she's a-pinnin' a flower inter his button-hole!" And Miss Jane held her head in both hands, as if by that means she might prevent the full force of the blow which this sight occasioned from striking her.

"What if she is? He looks tickled enough about it, I'm sure; and what's the harm? Don't be so terrible fussy, Jane."

Miss Jane opened the window in wild haste. "Lorry," she called—"Lorry, come in here; I want ter speak to ye."

But Laura either did not hear, or did not wish to hear. She and Mr. Snow seemed to be absorbed in pleasant conversation.

"There, Jane, I don't blame Mis' Riah Towle a mite fur sayin' you put her in mind of an old hen that hed hatched a duck in your actions with Lorry, though 'twasn't a very pritty remark. You *do* act jest that way, a-singin' out if she goes nigh what you consider danger, as the old hen does when the duck goes to water, 'n' alwus on a flutter 'n' a fidget 'coz she ain't as stiddy 'n'—"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Jane, interrupting her sister's remarks without ceremony. "They're a-goin' outen the gate; they're goin' off to walk, 'n' 'tain't his habit ter go out er the yard before breakfast. Oh, land! what will it all come to?"

Miss Lucretia herself looked rather startled at this, but shut her mouth tightly and hurried about her preparations for breakfast. Miss Jane was so agitated in her mind that she was of little help. When everything was on the table at length, Miss Lucretia stood in the open doorway and rang the bell lustily, and the two runaways soon appeared, Laura carrying in her hand a great bunch of scarlet lilies.

"Mr. Snow was so kind as to show me where these lilies were growing down in our field," said the girl, brightly. "And isn't it strange; there were never any there until this year. He thinks the seeds blew over from the Holbrooks' garden. They planted some there two or three years ago."

"They're real pritty, I'm sure," said Miss Lucretia; "'n' your walk 'll give you a good appetite fur breakfast."

But Miss Jane looked very glum indeed. She regarded the lilies as if they particularly offended her, and sat down to the table with her forehead tied up in a hard knot.

Laura, who divined the cause of this glumness at once, said nothing, but laughed merrily, and kissed her severe relative on the cheek.

"Lorry," said Miss Jane, wiping deliberately the cheek which had received this laughing salute, "you're young, I know, but you're old enough to behave proper."

"I know I am, aunty; and do I not? I am sure I have always considered myself to be a pink of propriety."

Mr. Snow, who had applied himself to his breakfast in an absent-minded way and somewhat hastily—noticing that it was ten minutes past seven by the clock, and by that time it was his custom to be just commencing to eat his second egg—looked up in surprise. But the dimples about Laura's mouth were as merry as ever, and her blue eyes as serene; and Miss Lucretia remarked, in her usual brisk tone, that folks said September was "a-goin' to be a dretful hot month."

Laura's new piano came that noon, and she was dancing about the house, pleased as a child with a new toy. Mr. Snow was immediately called to inspect it, and, as Miss Lucretia confided to a neighbor afterward, he seemed just about as tickled with it as the girl herself.

"Strange, I never thought to buy a piano myself," he said, rubbing his forehead with a puzzled look.

"Well, it is never too late to mend, and you can buy one now, Mr. Snow," said Laura; "and then Mary Ellis and I can play duets on two pianos. There's nothing so delightful as that."

"Very well, I will remember to do so when I go to the city next winter."

"But just at this time please get your violin, and let us play one of these lovely sonatas. I can play well enough to accompany you now."

Mr. Snow skipped up stairs like a boy, and soon returned with his most precious instrument, and became so absorbed in the music that the flight of time was unheeded until, in a pause, the old kitchen clock insisted in solemn, warning tones that it was five o'clock. He started up in dismay.

"Oh, Mr. Snow, you're not going to leave now, and we're only in the middle of the piece. We haven't got to that delightful adagio yet. Do sit down again, and let us finish it," said Laura, impatiently.

"Excuse me; I *must* go," he said, resolutely, striding toward the door.

Laura closed the piano with a bang. "I think you are rude, cruel, to go away like this, Mr. Snow," she said. "I wish we had not played at all; it is so tantalizing to leave off before you come to the finest passages. But, never mind," turning her pouting face toward him as he turned for an instant in the doorway—"Mary Ellis's cousin, Joe Howard, is coming in a short time to spend several weeks at her house, and he's a wonderful violinist; I accompanied him two or three times when I was visiting at Uncle William's."

Mr. Snow hesitated for an instant. His face looked very blank. Then he turned away, with his hand firmly placed on his left collar-bone. "Pray excuse me," he said, and in another moment he was taking long strides across the field.

Miss Jane, who had overheard this conversation, was sure she should be obliged to ask the minister's advice concerning the management of Laura, and called to mind, with much fear and misgiving, a maternal aunt of the girl's, who was so wild and misguided that she married, without her parents' consent, a man who acted out lying pieces in a theatre. This aunt died in her youth, years before, but there was something keenly tragic, even uncanny, in her memory, as if her untimely end were a visitation of Providence on account of the wickedness of her husband's occupation.

"What *will* he think—what *will* he think? Such forrardness is uncommon, certain," she said, over and over again.

"Think! Why, he'll not only be givin' up the quiet strawl before long, but he'll be standin' on his head if she asks him to, 'n' she's likely enough to do that, for all I know," said Miss Lucretia.

"I shouldn't be surprised," sighed Miss Jane.

Laura was very dignified at the tea table that night, and Mr. Snow seemed in a state of collapse, which was unusual to him. He took cold ham instead of corned-beef, which was not his habit at all, and ate blueberry sauce, which he had always detested, with an air of resignation most touching to behold. And when Miss Lucretia, who was going to visit at Hunt's Corner to-morrow if the weather should permit, asked him if it were likely to be fair, he replied that he really had not noticed what the indications were, which was another most startling deviation from his usual habit.

Laura was scarcely able to refrain from laughing aloud at the way in which the two old ladies regarded him over their spectacles, alarm as well as wonder depicted upon their countenances. After tea she ran over to spend the evening with Mary Ellis, and Mr. Snow, after smoking his usual cigar, scraped fitfully upon his violin with a moody and dejected countenance until bedtime.

The afternoon he always gave up to light reading, music, or any moderate recreation which came in his way, and almost as soon as dinner was over he presented himself in the sitting-room with his violin, and requested Laura to play with him.

"But I am vexed with you, Mr. Snow. I haven't forgiven your rudeness of yesterday yet, by any means."

"But you surely will do so. It is exceedingly unchristian not to forgive."

"If I believed that you were penitent, I might, but I am sadly afraid you are not. Will you promise never to do so again?"

Mr. Snow looked at the clock, breathed hard, hesitated, considered. Five o'clock was likely to catch him in the midst of a passage at some time, but he would take care that it should not to-day.

Laura commenced to play a few bars of the sonata which they did not finish yesterday, with even more than her usual brilliancy.

"I promise," he said, seizing his bow with unwonted eagerness. He was exceedingly fond of music, and had little opportunity to gratify his tastes in this direction.

Laura was rather languid at first, but became more and more enthusiastic as the afternoon waned and five o'clock was approaching. Mr. Snow had never played with any one with whom he was so entirely in sympathy. How full of sentiment she was, he thought, how delicately appreciative, and what spirit and fire flashed from her little finger-tips! He became, as on the day previous, wholly absorbed. He no longer stole furtive glances at the clock, nor consulted his watch. His face was all aglow with enthusiasm; and Laura, who had fancied that he played rather mechanically at first, was surprised at the dash and spirit of his performance. He must be insane, she thought, with his appreciation and talent for music, to be willing to bury himself here in Primville, and just because he's got in the habit of staying here. Those habits *must* be broken, at any rate, and a mischievous twinkle dawned in the determined young woman's eye as she noted the hour and the utter unconsciousness of the gentleman, though it was time for the quiet afternoon stroll.

"There, Jane! what 'd I tell ye?" whispered Miss Lucretia to her sister, as she stood for a moment on the threshold of the room where the two musicians were situated.

"I s'pose she's a-leadin' him on, 'n' he don't know what time 'tis no more'n nothin'. I call it the same as lyin' 'n' cheatin'. But what ken I do? I catilate he wouldn't like it if I should go in 'n' remind him 'twas time to go; 'n' yet he's so sot on goin' at jest that time!"

Laura took care that there should not be the slightest pause in the music. She almost held her breath. It was a quarter past the hour, and unfortunately the piece was drawing to a close. It was twenty-five minutes past when the last chord was struck.

"Delightful!" she exclaimed. "And here is another in the same key we must go over now. I—"

He glanced up at the clock. A look of dismay dawned on his face, and pushing back his chair, with a murmured "Excuse me," he almost ran from the room.

"What *is* the matter, Mr. Snow? Are you ill?" called Laura, feigning innocence.

But Mr. Snow was already crossing the stile, and with quick long strides climbed the hill.

She burst into a fit of amused laughter, which was joined in by Miss Lucretia, who was also watching him from the window.

"Is it you or the music that's a-bewitchin' the poor man to this rate?" she inquired of Laura.

"Oh, it's the music, Aunt Crete. But his look of despair and amazement when he glanced at the clock was too funny. See, he's running over the hill. I suppose he would be in a dreadful state of mind if he failed to go over the usual territory and to get back at the usual time."

"Oh, he'll be dretful upsot, anyhow. You won't ketch him this way agin very soon."

And he was "upsot" indeed. He arrived home at the usual time, but with a panting breath and a countenance whose gloom seemed to darken the whole household. And the gloom had not worn off the next morning. He scarcely glanced at Laura, but ate his breakfast in moody silence. She chatted away with perfect indifference, however, and all the morning she took care that his ears should be greeted with the tantalizing strains of his favorite pieces, leaving the windows wide open while she played snatches of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Mozart, with all the skill at her command.

She could hear him walking to and fro in his room overhead, as if in great agitation of mind, but he did not come down stairs, or mention music when they met at the noon dinner. In the afternoon she went out, and they did not meet again until the next morning, when his moodiness and melancholy had in a great degree departed. After dinner he appeared in the sitting-room with his violin as if nothing had happened; but in spite of all Laura's manœuvring she was unable to keep him more than ten minutes beyond five o'clock. He would not leave before the last piece was finished; he had promised that he would not do so, but he remembered to look at the clock at intervals during the whole performance, and tried to hurry the tempo of the last page that he might get away the sooner. But Laura would not allow that, and almost infuriated him by beating time with her foot; and when the last note was struck, drawing a long breath of relief, he took his departure without ceremony.

That night Laura received a quantity of new and choice music by mail from a friend in the city, compositions which Mr. Snow had never seen or heard, and with mischief in her soul she at once invited him to inspect it. He became deeply interested, and after looking it over, brought his violin, and requested Laura to practise with him. She, of course, assented, and it was eleven o'clock before he retired to his room that night, a circumstance which had not happened before since he was travelling in Europe, a very young man. The clock struck while he was all aglow over a delicate aria of Schubert, but, pausing suddenly, with his bow poised in air, he listened to the prosaic old time-keeper as if it were sounding the knell of doom.

"What is it, Mr. Snow?" Laura demanded, rather petulantly. "You made me lose my place."

"It is e-lev-en o'clock!" he gasped, in slow, measured, tragical tones.

"What if it is? I call that early. *Do* go back to the beginning of that lovely passage you were playing. I can't bear to have it spoiled in this way. Mr. Howard, Mary's cousin, is coming to-morrow, and I am very glad of it. You get tired of playing just as I get in the mood for it. He is as fond of practising as I am, and we get on so well together. He doesn't play quite as well as you do, but he is always ready to do his best."

Mr. Snow looked as if he had received a blow. "I—I am always delighted to play at any—seasonable hour, I'm sure, Miss Laura," he stammered. "You yourself would surely not wish to overthrow all Primville by sitting up to practise after eleven o'clock."

"What do I care for the narrow little prejudices of Primville?" said she, scornfully.

"But we should disturb your aunts. We have already disturbed them, I fear. I really was not aware of the lateness of the hour. The time slipped away so—so pleasantly."

"Lorry!" called Miss Jane from a crack in her bedroom door, "the goin's on in this house 'll be a town talk. Didn't you hear me? I've been a-callin' 'n' callin' you."

Mr. Snow slept but little that night, and looked pale and agitated in the morning. A great alteration had been wrought in his appearance already since Laura's arrival. Miss Jane wore a hood on her head at the breakfast table. It had been her custom to wear this article of head-gear for years when trouble or illness overtook her. Such visitations made her head cold, she said, and Laura regarded her with something like alarm when she came into the dining-room.

"What's the matter, auntie? An attack of neuralgia?" she inquired.

"If 'twasn't nothin' more'n thet, I should hev some hopes," replied the old lady, tartly.

"One o' the old Polan' hens went on the rampage last night, 'n' pecked one o' the yaller hen's chickens ter death," explained Lucretia, wishing to make things pleasanter.

"Oh!" said Laura; and both she and Mr. Snow looked somewhat relieved as they remembered that she had worn a hood when Whiteface, the Jersey cow, was ill unto death, and the hired man lost the brand-new wood saw.

"Fiddle-stick! That didn't give me this spell o' chill in the head, 'n' you know it, Lucretia. It's somethin' a good deal more tryin' than that. You don't look fit ter set up yourself, Mr. Snow."

Mr. Snow remarked, with some dignity, that he believed himself to be perfectly well.

Laura's face was almost purple with suppressed laughter. Miss Lucretia tried to create a diversion by expressing profound wonder whether Mr. Jeremiah Tolland, who had just died over at Bolton's Mills, would be buried in his wooden leg or not.

Miss Jane brightened up, seeming to be greatly struck by this problem at first, but gave it up, and settled into her former severity.

That was a trying day to Mr. Snow. Laura flitted away in the morning, and did not return until dinner-time; and in the afternoon, when he carried his violin down stairs for the usual season of practice, he found Miss Ellis there with her cousin, Mr. Howard, who had just arrived—a dapper young man, offensively fashionable in his attire and voluble in his speech, he thought.

"I'm not at liberty this afternoon, Mr. Snow," said Laura, carelessly. And then Miss Ellis said that they were going to have a little musical at her house in the evening, and invited him to attend it, and, greatly to her astonishment, he accepted the invitation. It had been many years since he spent an evening at a neighbor's.

Mr. Snow wished afterward that he had not done so, for it was a most miserable occasion. He was requested to play, for the entertainment of the company, to Miss Ellis's accompaniment, while Laura was absorbed in flirting with the new-comer, and Miss Ellis played execrably, and the company, instead of being entertained, talked and laughed without reserve. He slipped away early, but became so occupied in bitter reflections when he reached his own room that he forgot to retire at half past ten; and for the first time since he came to board with the Misses Trueworthy, was five minutes late at breakfast.

"I feel as if the world must be comin' to an end," said Miss Lucretia while they waited for him. "I declare I can't help hopin' he's a little—jest a little—under the weather, it seems so awful oncommon."

But he was not under the weather. He had only overslept, and appeared as usual, only rather grim and silent.

After that for days Laura was scarcely seen about the house. When she did occasionally appear at home she was always attended by Mr. Howard, and the sound of piano and violin rang far into the night. Miss Jane's face had softened into an expression of sad resignation. Miss Lucretia, who liked young company, brightened up wonderfully, and wore her second best dress every day, to the wonderment and condemnation of her neighbors. Then a long storm drizzled over the country, and Mr. Snow's violin was called into requisition again, and his spirits rose several degrees, though he was still gloomy and anxious.

"You play so much better than Mr. Howard, Mr. Snow," Laura said, sweetly. "It's a pleasure to get back to our old afternoons again."

And on the strength of this he played recklessly on until a quarter of six, taking his usual stroll on the run, and appearing at the tea table twenty minutes late with dejected countenance. Then came another season of holiday-making. There were picnics, drives, clam-bakes, excursions. Mr. Snow was sometimes invited to these merrymakings, but he never accepted the invitations. He had settled back to his old routine, but not with the same look of placid dulness.

One afternoon, just on the stroke of five, when he was about to start on his usual walk, Laura called him into the sitting-room.

"Oh, Mr. Snow, *do* please wait awhile, and practise over this new piece of music with me. Mary is going to get up a concert for the benefit of the Sunday-school library, you know, and I am to play this duet with her music teacher, Mr. Hermann, who is coming over from the Port. Mr. Howard has gone to the city for a day or two, but he promised to be back in time to assist us. He really ought to be here to-day, for I have such a little while to prepare myself for this undertaking, and I really cannot practise my part alone."

Mr. Snow hesitated, stammered, and finally begged to be excused until evening, when he should be most happy to accommodate her.

"You are positively cruel," pouted Laura. "Just be—"

Mr. Snow turned abruptly. He had caught sight of Mr. Howard just coming over the brow of the hill. Laura, who sat with her back to the window, was not aware that he was in the neighborhood.

"Laura," he said, desperately, "I will do what you request on one condition."

Laura was struck by the determined expression of his face, which was very pale, and a certain recklessness in his tone in spite of its deep solemnity.

"Very well," she said, with forced carelessness; "name the condition."

"It is that you will marry me. You have broken in upon all my old ways. I see that you are trying to break some of my absurd habits—I suppose they are absurd—and now you must break the worst one, the habit of celibacy."

Laura blushed deeply, but she was as usual equal to the occasion. "You have one equally bad one," she said, smiling into his face; "that is, of living in Primville. Break it, and go abroad this winter, and—"

Approaching footsteps were heard upon the gravel-walk.

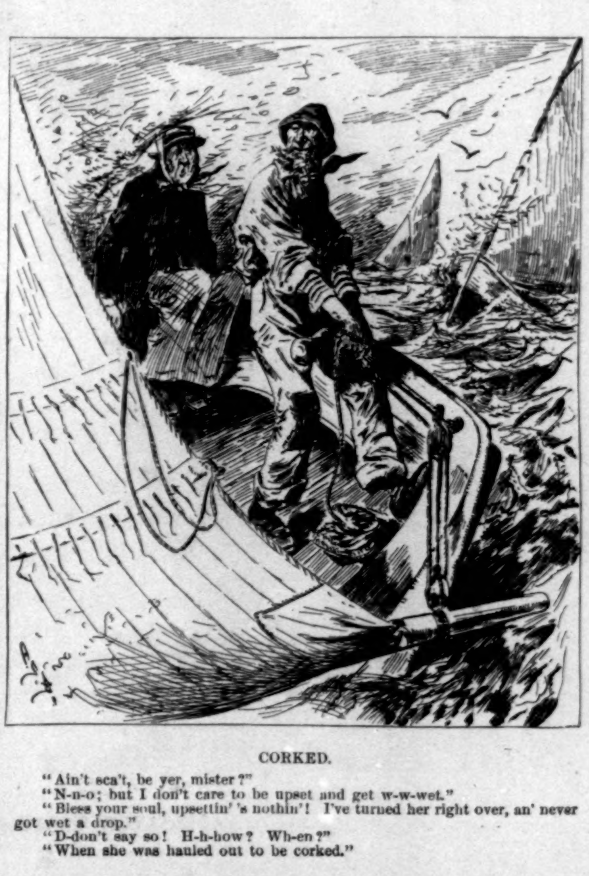
"*Anything*, now; I am turned completely upside down. I can't get back where I was when you came here."

Mr. Howard stood in the doorway. Mr. Snow was energetically tuning his violin, Laura absorbed in turning over the music.

"I shall hev ter soak my feet to-night, 'n' go to bed with the camphire bottle," said Miss Jane, when informed of the state of affairs a few hours later. "That forrard girl actually made him ask her ter hev him."

"Oh, well, he's better off, after all, dancin' Spanish ter the tune of her fascinations than to them petty ways of his that you was always so severe about, Jane," said Miss Lucretia. "No more quiet strawls fur him. Few men have tarlents enough ter resist a young girl when she reely sets out ter turn his head, 'n' Fletcher Snow ain't one o' them few."

SUSAN HARTLEY.



CORKED.

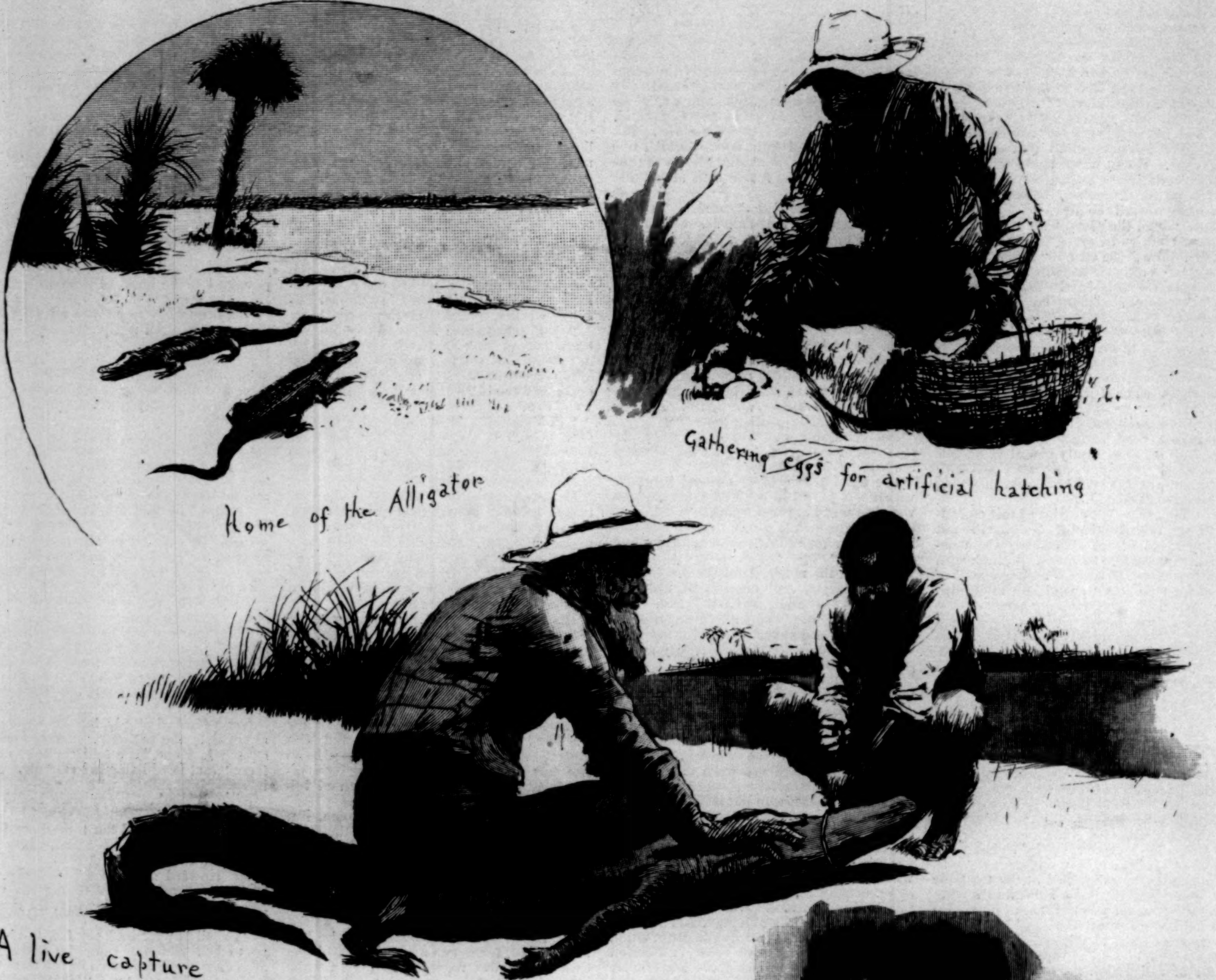
"Ain't sca't, be yer, mister?"

"N-n-o; but I don't care to be upset and get w-w-wet."

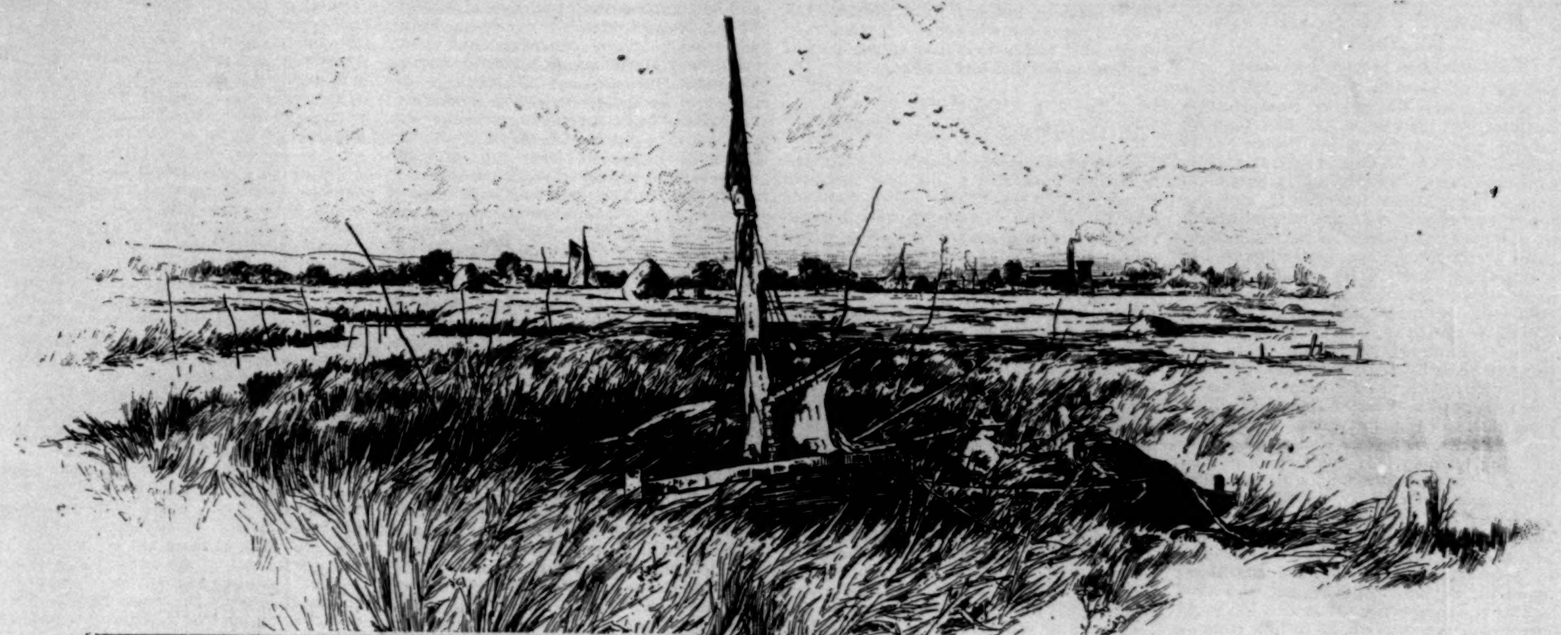
"Bless your soul, upsettin' 's nothin'! I've turned her right over, an' never got wet a drop."

"D-don't say so! H-h-how? Wh-en?"

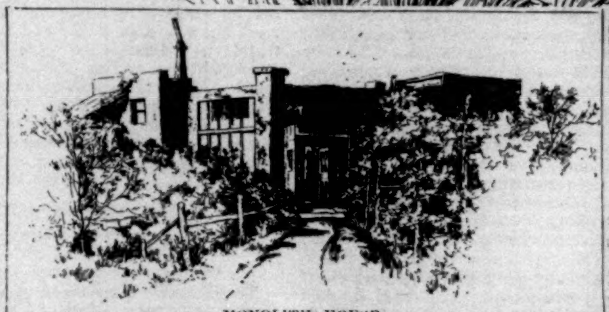
"When she was hauled out to be corked."


Home of the Alligator
Gathering eggs for artificial hatching
A live capture
Kemble. May 90.
An odd pet.
Selling young alligators
The Taxidermist

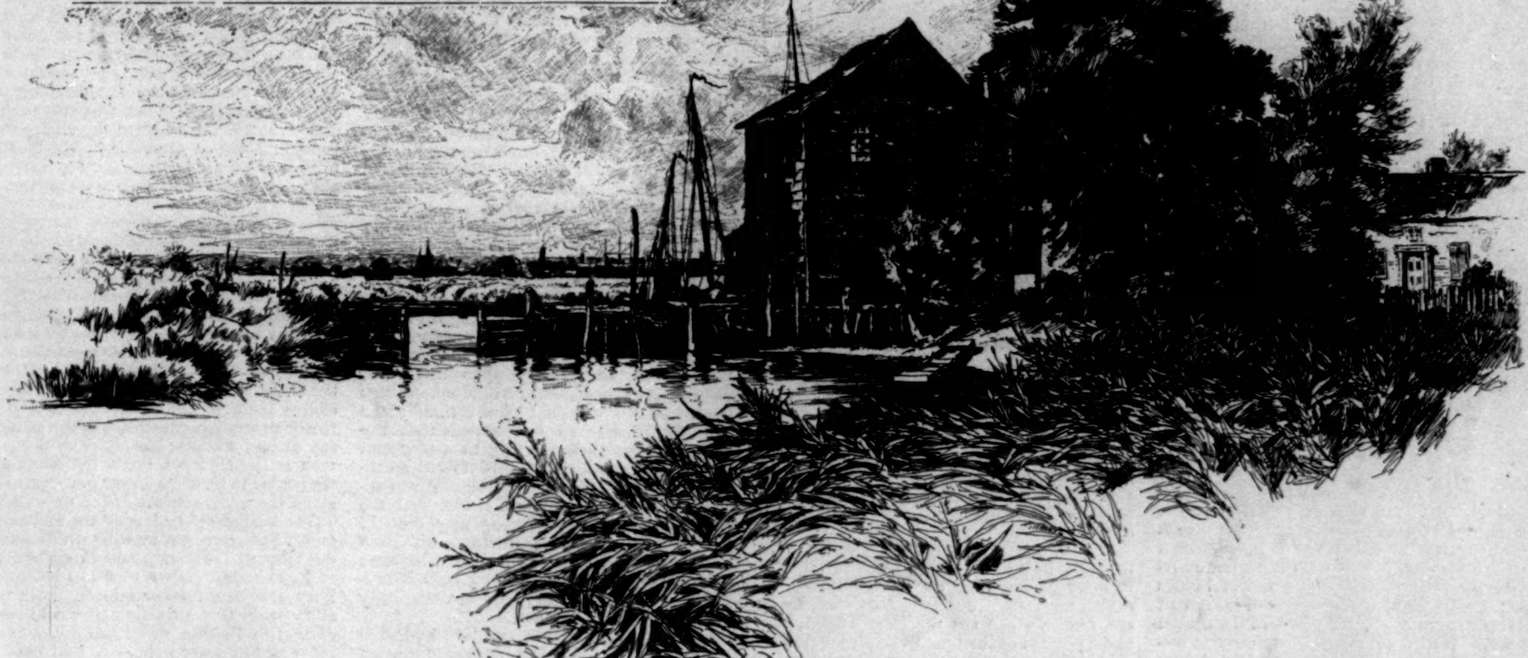
ALLIGATOR TRAFFIC IN THE SOUTH.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 706.]



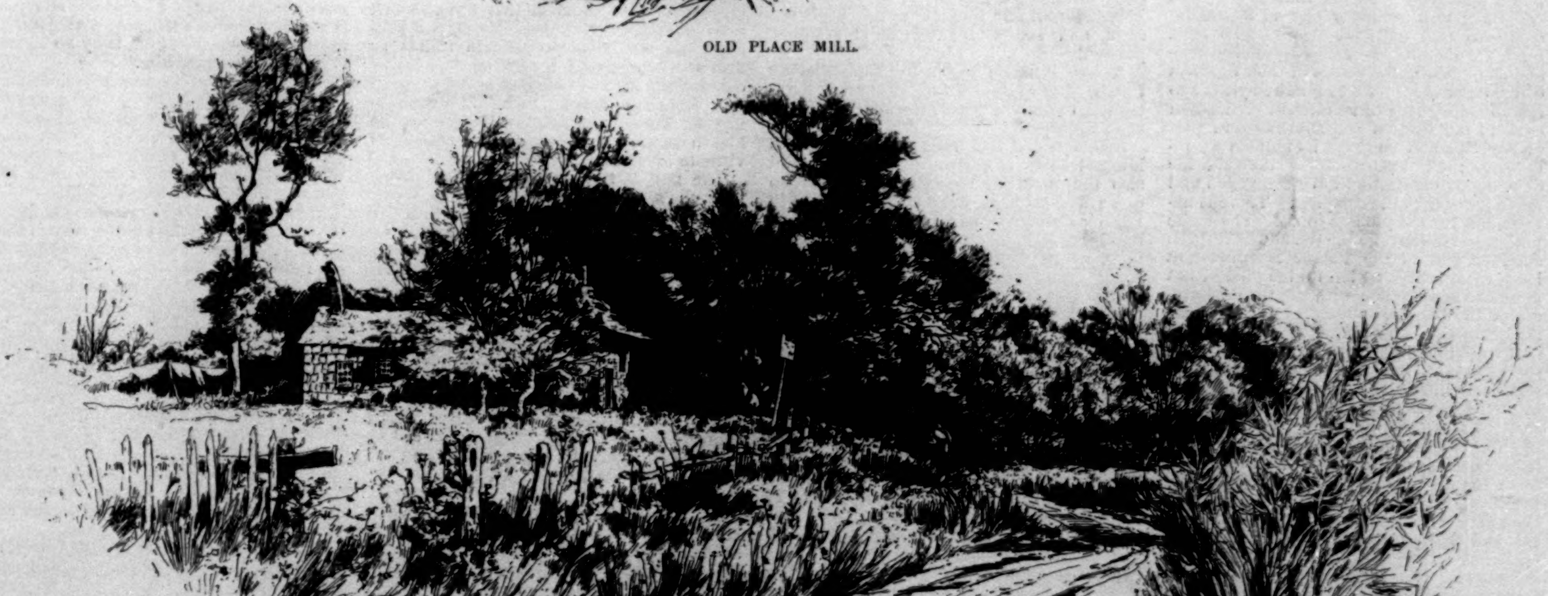
IN THE SALT-MARSH.



MONOLITH HOUSE.



OLD PLACE MILL.


Alexander Schilling '90

HOUSE ON OLD PLACE ROAD.

SKETCHES FROM "OLD PLACE," STATEN ISLAND.—DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING.—[SEE PAGE 706.]

SPOKANE FALLS AND ITS EXPOSITION.

(*Continued from page 692, Supplement.*)

that no white man has visited. One reason why this is so is the lack of transportation facilities, and another is the fact that the average man who goes to the Pacific Northwest spends all of his time in making money, so that he has neither time nor inclination to explore uninhabited forests. If any one brought proof that there was mineral wealth in the remotest recesses of the wilderness, there would be explorers by the hundred in a very short time. As the country becomes more settled there will be plenty of explorers for the wilderness, and they will go into it with the axe, the saw, and the ploughshare. All of this uninhabited region will in time pay tribute to Spokane Falls, as the coming Expositions will more conclusively show. The present pioneer Exposition can do little more than call the most casual attention to the riches and natural resources of the contributing territory. If the Exposition can convince people that there are opportunities in Washington for all persons who are seeking homes and fortunes, its managers will feel richly repaid for their trouble. The Exposition itself is intended as an object-lesson to persons who wish to learn something about the Pacific Northwest, but who have neither the energy nor the inclination to go about over the great stretch of new country to investigate for themselves. Next to a personal investigation, an exhibition of actual products and resources is the best means of forming an estimate of the country.

The men who were the first to see the possibilities of these resources now show by their actions what they think of the future of the city and its surrounding country. Some of the money that they have made from their investments they have put into handsome private places of residence, so much so, in fact, that Spokane Falls may justly lay claim to the possession of some of the finest private houses in the West or Northwest. The size, the style, and the value of these houses clearly show that their owners have selected Spokane Falls as their permanent home, and that they do not intend to return East, as many men do upon making fortunes in the West. The interiors of some of these houses are as rich and tastefully arranged as though they were on Murray Hill or in Beacon Street. In the old days of the West, before New York and New England had made themselves felt in the development of pioneer settlements, the possession of a fine house, and especially the decoration of its interior, were looked upon more as an evidence of weak-mindedness than as proof of the westward march of the higher civilization. With the steady growth of an Eastern-bred population, the ruder ideas of Western life were driven into the inaccessible parts of the country, and the Eastern traveller found little difference between the towns and cities of the West and Northwest and those of the East. In most Western communities the dominating ideas of society and home life have so far changed that a coachman in livery is no longer an object of derision, nor is a man with a silk hat an object for pistol practice. It is not a long time ago that silk hats and coachmen were unknown in the West, if not actually prohibited. Few persons who have not seen the West since the boisterous pioneer days would recognize it now, because all that made it famous then has disappeared to return no more, and in its place there have grown up towns and cities as far advanced in the arts and usages of civilization as any other places in the United States. Where the rough-living pioneer disputed possession with the Indians ten years ago, there now stands a city of 30,000 industrious and cultured people, who have built for themselves homes as comfortable and as refined as the homes of their brothers of the older East. Three hundred years ago the advance-guard of an ancient civilization overran the western and southwestern part of America and subdued its half-savage inhabitants; in this generation the rank and file of a newer civilization have completed and made permanent the conquest. There is nothing left for the pioneer to do. The waste places and the savage inhabitants have been subdued, and in the Pacific Northwest, at least, there is nothing left for the pioneer but complete assimilation with the thrifty farmers of the Palouse country or the fortunate miners of the Cœur d'Alene.

It would be difficult to place a limit upon the growth of Spokane Falls, because comparatively little is known of the actual extent of the resources of its surrounding country. Enough is known already, however, to justify the erection of mills and factories, and large business blocks that seem to be built more for the future than for the present. When one considers that the private houses keep pace with the business blocks, and that the new opera-house and the new school buildings are in keeping with the private houses, and that there are more lofty and imposing structures yet to come, one marvels that so much can be accomplished in so short a time in a country where result must of necessity walk side by side with cause. The Pacific Northwest is a country of marvellous things, of which not the least is the new city of Spokane Falls. If the people regulate the growth of their city wisely, and discreetly avoid the dangers attendant upon a real-estate boom, there is no reason why the population should not steadily increase and the volume of business grow greater each year for many years to come. It is the duty of the able and conservative newspapers of Spokane to see that this is done.

PICTURES AT "OLD PLACE."

Some of the earliest points of settlement near New York still retain their primitive simplicity in a remarkable degree, and have added to it with increasing years a picturesqueness of appearance and story which makes them doubly interesting. A conspicuous example of this is a secluded little nook on the northwest shore of Staten Island, where people have been living for more than two hundred and fifty years, little, if any, affected by the proximity of the great metropolis, whose growth has left them in a quiet eddy of old-fashioned and commercially useless ways.

This locality is Holland Hook, which is the extreme northwestern point of Staten Island, and immediately opposite Elizabethport, New Jersey. Here the Kill van Kull is narrowest, and here (somewhat north of the Hook) has been erected the drawbridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The old shore road passes underneath the eastern approach to this bridge, and skirts the solid land, which here is a sandy ridge reaching out into the wide salt-marshes bordering all the western side of Staten Island. When the point has been passed a little way, and only the great central span of the drawbridge is visible between the shade trees, you find yourself not only in a scene of complete rusticity, but one which carries the mind back a hundred years, and perhaps transports it across the ocean as well, for it needs little more than some windmills to make one fancy himself in the Netherlands.

The marsh stretches miles away toward the south and west, as unbroken as an Illinois prairie. Here and there a hay-stack, or a clump of bushes, or a deep and shady ditch, breaks the uniformity of the level, while islands of old sour-grass vary by brown spaces the wide expanse of emerald velvet. Nothing can be seen of Arthur Kill (or Staten Island Sound, as it is almost always called nowadays), and no one would suspect the existence of this broad channel across the green landscape until some slow sail, or a smoke-trailing tug, or an excursion barge covered with flags, suddenly comes gliding across the midst of the field, as if it ran in a groove, like a boat in a theatrical scene. It blots out as it proceeds section after section of the forest over toward Rahway, a cluster of factories and iron-works, and the diamond-like scintillations of light reflected from a line of glass roofs down toward Perth Amboy; and finally it disappears like a ghost behind the wooded point which encloses the marshes southward, and indicates where the ferry crossed the Kill on one of the old-time routes of travel to and from Philadelphia.

The sky is full of clouds—glorious cumuli—fading tenderly away into the pale and vapory horizon, but flashing snow-white above where the sun strikes them squarely. Their shadows drift like swooping birds athwart the verdant meadows, making a thousand modifications of color not only, but causing groves and buildings and silent ghosts of ships on the horizon to advance and retreat, pale and stand out sharp again, as the light alters.

It is not easy to withdraw the eye from this changing and delicate panorama of the summer marshes, but there is another interest on the shore. Looking backward along the road, we can see the lofty iron bridge and a portion of the long trestle-work, apparently spanning a gap in the elm-tops; but Elizabethport and its factories are quite out sight and sound, for which Heaven be praised!

A halt is made under the umbrella-like foliage of an ancient willow in front of a cottage that tells at a glance the Dutch training of its architect.

Staten Island had been given to Patroon Michael Pauw as early as 1630. He owned also the main-land shore from Hoboken down, and his name has come down to us in Latin as Pavonia, and in French as Communipaw (Commune de Pauw). His colonists, which were mainly Dutchmen from Long Island at first, explored the waters thereabouts, and gave names which still stick to them. Newark Bay was termed *the* Kull *par excellence*, though nobody seems to know quite what Kull (or cull) means. The passage which connects Newark and New York bays they termed Kill van Kull, or River of the Kull; and the water *beyond* Newark Bay, separating the island from the main-land, and now termed Arthur Kill, or Staten Island Sound, they named Achter Kill, or "Back River."

People settled along the western side of Staten Island as early as 1664; and in 1677 one of them, named Billop, secured the island to the possession of the Duke of York (which resulted in its allegiance to New York State, instead of New Jersey, a century later), by showing that he could sail around it inside of twenty-four hours. By 1680 there were families enough here to organize a church; and in 1687 this northwestern corner of the island was granted by Governor Dongan to an officer named Palmer, whose name is perpetuated in a creek a few miles south of Holland Hook, while Dongan himself went to live on the north shore.

The rest of the island was gradually settled by a most mixed population of English, French Huguenots in large numbers, Welsh, and Dutch, but this corner remained almost exclusively Dutch (except for the prominent Huguenot Mesereau), and that language continued to be spoken in this neighborhood long after it had ceased to be used elsewhere.

It was the children of these old Hollanders that built the present houses, none of which is less than one hundred years old, in part at least; and the Van Pelts and other men of Low Country nomenclature plough the very fields their great or great-great-grandfathers cleared.

Look at this cottage beside us. Its roof comes down in a curve to low and far-extended eaves, and its front windows are closed with heavy solid shutters fit to resist an Indian attack. Here, or close by here, lived a pioneer who was a giant in stature, and marvellous for strength. He was the dread of the Raritans far and near, who would run when they saw him, though he intended them no harm. And the story is told that he was rarely seen unaccompanied by his son, a dwarf less than four feet high. So inseparable were this odd pair that when the father died, the son took to his bed, and survived but a few hours longer.

A few rods ahead stands another old house, its sides clothed with shingles three times the size of those upon the roof, above which tower tall chimneys bent with age and ragged atop. The side shingles were painted red originally, and the house when new must have been a beacon all the way from Perth Amboy. But that was in the time of Thomas Jefferson, if not before, and now age and weather have subdued the color to a warm rufous gray, mating charmingly with the trees and the pale sky and the richly varied foreground of neglected weeds. One tall cotton-wood shades the kitchen (which is slightly separated from the body of the structure), and another half hides this end, the old house standing with its side to the road, as was the custom when it was built. In front, at the gate, an ailantus has grown into a most artistically irregular shape, which, if you saw it in a picture, you would say had been created by the draughtsman to suit the need of his composition. And just beyond the house, outlining sharply its gable and the projecting curve of its eaves, is a massive horse-chestnut, dome-topped and opaque, showing caves of blackness in the depths of its foliage, where the strongest sunbeams are unable to penetrate.

A bending line of willows leads the eye 500 yards or so farther down the road to the square front of an old mill, whose shingled sides and roof, tide-gates, and so forth, irresistibly attract the sketcher.

This bit of shady road, along the verge of the waste of sedges which wave and rustle so delightfully these summer days, and where the gurgle of blackbirds, the chatter of marsh-wrens, and the faint squeakings of swallows are heard from morning till night, is called The Old Place, and formerly ended at this mill. The name arose in this way: In the first house built upon this road, early in the last century, religious meetings were held for a long period. Finally the building became so dilapidated that the people moved their meeting to a new and less central locality; but this proved so inconvenient that the earlier building was repaired, and notice was published that the meeting would be resumed at "the old place." Lately a foolish effort has been made to style this old country neighborhood Summerville, and the winding road Washington Avenue, but the attempted absurdity seems to be a total failure.

This mill was put up about 1804 by David Mesereau, who was one of the foremost farmers of the island at that time, as had been his father before him. His large dwelling-house near Graniteville still stands as firm as when erected, for its frame of heavy oaken timbers grows tougher as the years go by. His father was a "rebel" in a community of Tories, and many an adventure he had in escaping arrest during his occasional visits to his family.

The mill is run by the tide, and stands upon the site of an earlier and smaller structure, which the British captured, and used to grind flour for Howe's or some other of the armies that overran the island during the whole war for independence. This mill has timbers of oak twelve inches square, and several "run" of stones. It used to grind day and night, and as many as sixteen vessels at once, loaded with grain from far and near, have crept up the little creek and been tied at its wharf; but now little more than the wheat of the neighborhood is consumed there. The owner says, however, that a competent miller, with enough capital to buy grain advantageously, could still make good profits out of the old mill, whose machinery is modern.

But, after all, the most curious thing at Holland's Hook is the most recent. It is on a side road, which is still called the *new* road, though it was opened forty years ago. Here, on the northern side of the Hook, five years ago, was a barren sand hill washed by the tide. A clergyman of New York, who was one of the most prominent of the group of scholars at Bible House, and who had been a wide traveller, discovered by accident that here he was comparatively, if not wholly free from the asthma which made life a burden to him elsewhere. He bought the sand-hill, levelled it down, filled in spaces of marsh, and set out fruit trees, vines, garden shrubs, vegetables, and flowers, until now a pleasant and valuable little farm surrounds him. Meanwhile he was building, almost entirely by his own labor, the oddest and most picturesque habitation on the Atlantic coast. It originally was a frame building, just large enough for the reverend doctor and his two daughters, with the help of their yacht anchored at the foot of his garden. But little by little the gentle hermit has replaced his wooden walls by those of masonry, and enclosed his porches with glass. It is as low and flat and square as a greaser's adobe *ranchita*, and as rude externally as a hut in Shantytown, but it is snug and comfortable, and continually growing; and it is animated within by such culture and kindly hospitality as make the whole quaint and home-made structure interesting not only to the artist, but to the moralist. Dr. Kenny is a practical and unsentimental Thoreau.

Two roads lead to Old Place from Port Richmond or Erastina; but the shortest way to go there is to take the ferry and Rapid Transit Railroad to its terminus at Arlington, half a mile beyond Erastina. Then walk down the railroad track through the woods to the trestle which forms the eastern approach to the Elizabethport bridge. If you are alone, or there are no ladies in the party, walk out on the trestle half a mile or so until you come to that "new" road which passes underneath it. Some slats have been nailed upon the trestle, forming a rude ladder by which a man may get down to the road, but a woman would find it an impracticable task, though she might with assistance climb up, and so take that way homeward. At low tide, however, it is possible to walk across the marsh at the foot of the trestle, and so come to the road; but one doing this will perceive that the Staten Island mosquito is "diligent in business, *not* fearing the Lord."

Ernest Ingersoll.

ALLIGATOR TRAFFIC IN THE SOUTH.

To gain one's daily bread by means of alligators must be at all times a fairly precarious method of existence, and yet the colored man in Florida does manage to pick up many an honest penny by means of the American saurian. The taxidermist finds, too, in the alligator his opportunity; and though a ten-foot 'gator never can be very desirable, even when stuffed, little 'gators properly prepared and mounted are in good demand, and are brought home in quantity by the Northern tourist.

We need not find fault with nature, and tax her with having slighted us in the *crocodileans*. If in India there is the gavial, in Egypt there is the crocodile, and in America the alligator and the cayman. It can hardly be questioned but that we have on this continent both the crocodile and the alligator. The main point of difference, according to Mr. Hornaday, between the crocodile and the alligator is as follows: "A crocodile is distinguished by a triangular head, of which the snout is the apex, a narrow muzzle, and canine teeth in the lower jaw which pass freely upward in the notches in the side of the upper; whereas the alligator (also cayman or sacare) has a broad flat muzzle, and the canine teeth of the lower jaw fit into sockets in the under surface of the upper jaw."

The business of collecting the skins of alligators has already somewhat diminished the quantity of these saurians in certain parts of Florida, but they are still to be found in large numbers further inland. It is barely supposable that alligators ever will become extinct in Florida while those vast interior lakes and swamps exist. A visit paid by a naturalist this year to Florida was convincing that alligators were still very abundant. To kill an alligator, however, is by no means as difficult as to secure him.

Mr. E. W. Kemble presents various phases of the alligator industry. The 'gators bask in the sun on the long stretches of sand, but they are never quite asleep. They always seem to be on their guard, and repose, never very far from the water, with their heads pointing in the direction of flight.

Gathering eggs requires some skill, because the saurian mother has a clever way of hiding her trail. Sometimes as many as forty eggs are found in a nest a few inches below the level. It is not the invariable habit of the mother to pack into the nest decayed vegetable matter in order to add to the heat. Generally the warmth of the sun is sufficient.

The eggs have a slight musky flavor, and an experiment once made with an omelet of alligator eggs suffices. To eat 'gator is unknown, and endeavors in this direction have never been repeated. Mr. Hornaday tells, however, of having eaten the South-American variety, where the feed was fish, and he declares "that the flesh was white, tender, free from all disagreeable musky odors, and toothsome as the nicest roast veal."

It is with a due consideration of the size of the alligator as to whether you will take a seat on him or not. His jaws are not so much to be dreaded as a lash of his tail. In Mr. Kemble's sketch the negro has a rope round the jaws of the alligator, while the white man straddles him.

"Ky, mass! you no wantee fres' 'gator dis mornin'?" is about the cry of the vender of baby alligators in Jacksonville, as he plunges his hand into a bucket swung on one arm, and hauls out a little ugly, squirming, snapping monster. These little 'gators may have been found by their owner just emerging from their nests, or he may have secured them as eggs, and hatched them out himself. The infant saurians show their natural instinct early, and will bite at once.

An alligator is a queer pet, and to tame an adult seems to be quite impossible. If intelligence is proportioned to bulk of brain, that of the alligator is especially small. In dissecting a large-sized alligator the brain substance will barely fill an egg-cup. We are not to look upon a 'gator as capable of any attachments. When young (after having had some of their teeth drawn) they are occasionally seen about houses.

There are a few native texidermists in Florida who devote a portion of their time to the preparation of specimens, and notably of little alligators. Generally, however, some one in the line of business who lives in a Northern city goes to Florida for the winter for his health, and carries out his calling by mounting young alligators.

AN AWAKENING.

Silver moonlight, like a veil,
Hides the mountains far away,
Forms unearthly, dim, and pale,
Born to fade at break of day.
Waves like silver roll beneath,
Roll in soft and measured swell,
Down the valley not a breath
Comes to break the peaceful spell.

Peace without—but, ah, within
Lives a strange, a sad unrest,
Thoughts of joys I may not win
Wake to live within my breast.
Silver moonlight streams before,
In a pathway o'er the wave—
Will it lead to that strange shore,
To the haven that I crave?

I know not that haven fair;
In my waking dreams sometimes,
Borne upon the fragrant air,
I have heard the golden chimes;
Heard the chimes and seemed to know
That they rang to point the way;
Then I've missed the purple glow
As the sunset skies turn gray.

* * * * *

Over all the earth a spell,
Weird, mysterious, is cast,
What it is I cannot tell,
Yet I feel that it will last.
Underneath the moonlit skies
Sweeter all my life has grown;
That strange sense within me lies,
But I feel I am—alone.

Then, as though a veil were riven,
I awake to sudden sight,
See the pathway stretch to heaven,
Hear the chimes upon the night;
Pulses beat with peaceful joy
That before I've never known,
Yet Love's dream has this alloy—
I know now I am—alone.

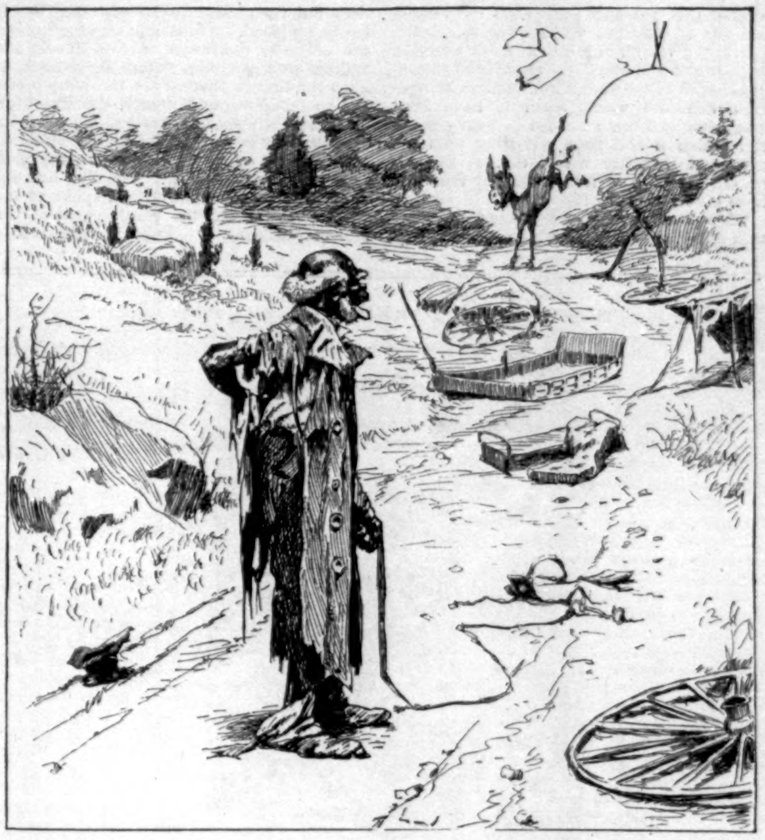
Flavel Scott Mines.

SUMMER GARDENS AT CINCINNATI.

In setting aside certain acres of land on the hills above the Ohio Valley for a park, the people of Cincinnati did not go quite far enough. Instead of taking in all of the precipitous bluff overlooking the city, they left the greater part of it to the possession of private owners, with the result that the park system has lost, and the summer-garden men have gained, one of the finest natural sites in America. There can be no doubt that had the entire bluff been included in the park at the outset, the Cincinnati park system would have been one of the show-places of the United States. It is to be regretted that Cincinnati overlooked this opportunity, but even in its present state the bluff is one of the best-known places in the middle West. The inaccessibility of the bluff was overcome some years ago by the construction of an inclined railway, and since that time this cool and breezy height has become the favorite summer night's resort for a large proportion of Cincinnati's population.

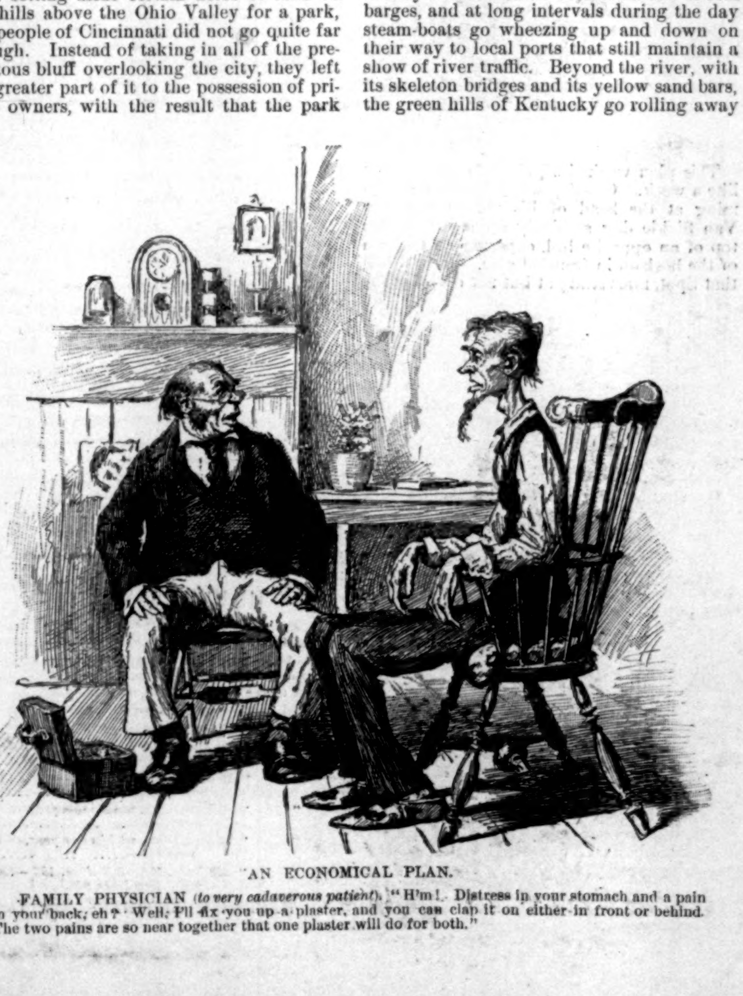
To the many thousands of German people who have made Cincinnati their home, and who bid fair to eventually outnumber the American-bred people as two to one, this bluff is just about as it should be. Here the Germans bring their wives, their sons, and their daughters, and while the bands play and the ballad-singers strut about the miniature stages, they sip their beer and talk voluble German to their friends and neighbors. Nothing could be more German than this. To many of these people the bluff with its summer gardens is something of the nature of an elevated back yard, for it rises several hundred feet above the German half of the city; so close at hand, in fact, that the householder might literally throw a stone from the edge of the bluff into his own yard. In the larger gardens concerts of some musical pretensions are given, and even theatrical performances on a moderate scale are not uncommon. Dancing in the amusement pavilions is the usual amusement for the younger visitors, and sometimes, when the wind is right, one may catch faint echoes of the mirth and music as far away as the quiet city streets. To one who looks at all this from the German point of view there is little in it that is really objectionable. With the German, to whom beer and music are every-day affairs, it is a purely social matter, in which his friends and his family have an active part. He has no concern with the way of thinking of any one else.

In summer-time, when the atmosphere in the city streets is hot enough to remind one of the deserts of Arizona, some such place as this is necessary to the people who live in the lower part of the city. To more fortunate persons, who have their fine houses on the hills back of the valley, neither the condition nor the necessity exists, for their homes are their summer resorts. Even to some of these people the bluff is a pleasant resort for change and recreation. The casual traveller, although he may care nothing for beer and beer-garden music, will find the bluff a most delightful place in which to pass away a quiet afternoon, and even the strictest prohibitionist can well afford to relax the severity of his scruples for the sake of the charming views that may be seen from the edge of the precipice. No more advantageous point than this can be found for a look at Cincinnati and its surrounding country. At the foot of the bluff lies the city, clouded over with a veil of smoke, and walled in by a rim of hills like the edge of a bowl. The Ohio River comes out of the hills at the extreme left, several miles away, and disappears among the hills at the extreme right. Its muddy waters bear an occasional tow of coal barges, and at long intervals during the day steam-boats go wheezing up and down on their way to local ports that still maintain a show of river traffic. Beyond the river, with its skeleton bridges and its yellow sand bars, the green hills of Kentucky go rolling away to meet the horizon, and here and there on the Kentucky shore one may see the roofs and steeples of Covington rising from among the trees.



A VERY NATURAL CONCLUSION.

UNCLE PETE (*having been landed upside down and his load strewed for a quarter of a mile along the road*). "B'rer Jonsing say w'en he sol' me dat anemil dat he hed one fault, but he couldn't romember w'at it was. I shouldn't be soaprized ef dis was de berry one."



AN ECONOMICAL PLAN.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN (*to very cadaverous patient*). "H'm! Distress in your stomach and a pain in your back, eh? Well, I'll fix you up a plaster, and you can clap it on either in front or behind. The two pains are so near together that one plaster will do for both."

At night these individual elements of the scenery are lost to sight, but in their stead are lights that gleam and twinkle like stars. The city itself is bespangled all over with points of electric fire, and for miles up and down the valley and roundabout are countless faint glimmers of light. High above all, and visible from nearly all parts of the valley, shines the bluff, with its summer gardens all aglow, and its cool atmosphere heavy with music and song and laughter. Truly the German gets much out of life that the American overlooks.

THE AGE OF ALUMINUM.

A belief has long been growing that the advance of civilization, in all that the phrase implies, is due greatly more to the harnessing of the forces of nature and the mastery over matter than it is to the teachings of the schools, the preacher, and the orator. The contention of the manual-training reformers is that human progress did not begin, and could not have begun, until man had a tool in his hands, and had commenced, however crudely, the study of matter; that Archimedes and Watt did immeasurably more toward elevating their kind than Plato and Kant; and that the inventor of the printing-press was a greater benefactor than all the speculative philosophers and university professors combined that ever lived. In this light the god of the old mythology who deserves the most veneration at the present day is Vulcan; and could the man be known who first produced iron from the ore, to him would the monument of monuments be erected.

It would seem the lesson of experience that each marked conquest over matter was a stepping-stone by which humanity rose to better things, morally and intellectually as well as materially. Taking this view of the causes of progress, what may reasonably be expected from the probably approaching solution of the problem of the cheap production of aluminum—a metal having but one-third of the weight of iron or steel and more than equalling it in strength? Here is a more substantial foundation for Mr. Edward Bellamy's genius to build upon than he has made use of in *Looking Backward*. He has but to take a deeper hold of his subject, go farther back toward the fountain head of progress—provided the above propositions as to its sources be true—and make an approximate mathematical deduction by the Rule of Three. The example to be solved is this: If the inferior and weaker metal iron has had such and such effects upon civilization, what effects will the trebly superior metal aluminum have upon it?

But if it be claimed that to assert that moral and political progress depends upon material advancement—upon steam, electricity, machinery (including the printing-press), improved means of transportation, and tools generally—is begging a very large question, there is yet a vast field of probabilities and possibilities to dwell on as to material things. Aluminum, aside from its lightness and strength, is malleable, ductile, does not rust, is as beautiful as silver, and is much more abundant in its native state than any metal in use. Coyolite, or Iceland-spar, is the mineral from which it has been mostly obtained, but it is a constituent of clay and of other earths, and prevails almost everywhere. The statement has been made that it composes more than a twentieth part of the crust of the globe. The difficulty is to secure it in a pure state at a moderate cost. Much has yet to be learned also as to the methods of using it, and there remains some doubt as to its adaptation to certain important uses. But within the last half-century its cost has been reduced from over thirty dollars a pound to less than three dollars, and it is now being put to practical use as an alloy. Recently a series of tests to determine the virtues of aluminum bronze was made by government naval officers at the Watertown (Massachusetts) Arsenal. A tensile strength of 90,000 pounds to the square inch was shown, which is largely in excess of anything before developed. The transverse strength of the composite metal was found to be 6600 pounds to the square inch—a result that has been only equalled by the finest quality of crucible steel.

There are busy brains and hands constantly at work to reduce the expense of manufacturing the pure metal; and as the incentive to success is very powerful, their labors are not likely to be discontinued. Its capabilities sooner or later are very sure to be exhaustively tested. If they prove as satisfactory as there is reason to hope they will, and the laboratory processes give way to mill production at low cost, a wonderful revolution in works of construction will have been entered upon. How far in the future the desired end may be there is no telling.

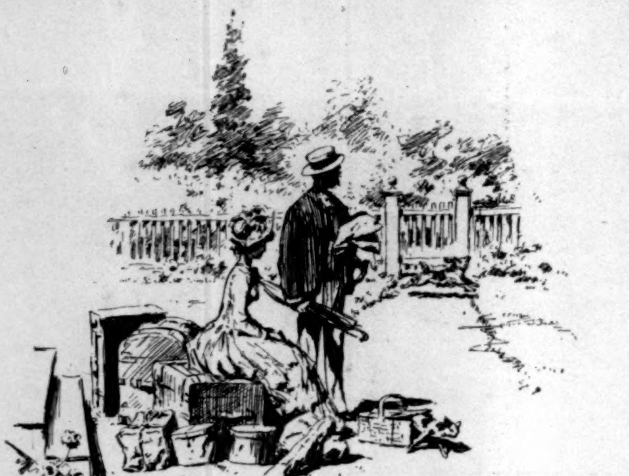
Remove two-thirds of its own weight without diminution of strength from the vast structure that connects New York and Brooklyn, and its effectiveness for service, provided room were supplied, would be correspondingly increased. Bridges of aluminum—supposing always its qualities are truly represented—could be thrown across streams and ravines to span which is now impossible. The capacity of steam-ships would be similarly enlarged. Not only would cargoes take the place of the lessened weight of the body of the vessels, but also of that of their machinery. Enough coal could be stored to indefinitely lengthen voyages without fresh supplies. The cost of transportation would be lowered in many ways foreseen and unforeseen, and speed and safety increased as well. The calculations of a competent engineer as to the advantages to be gained would produce a showing difficult of belief at first. The Eiffel Tower as a constructive feat would sink into insignificance. The field for architectural advance would be all but unlimited. Air navigation would leap forward with a bound—if feasible at all—when its great desideratum, a material combining strength and lightness in a degree never known before, or even approximated, had been secured. Street cars, wagons, carriages, etc., would be improved, and save immensely in draught power and wear and tear. Machines and instruments would partake in the benefits of the change, and new ones invented that are now unthought of. These are but suggestions which experts in each particular branch of mechanics can seize the meaning of and amplify. Should the reasonable hopes of the aluminum-workers be realized, mankind would seem to have been emancipated from a burden of heavy material which it had been wrestling with for ages, and posterity would talk of the unspeakable waste of human energy that had been involved in the use of iron.

There is an æsthetic side to the prospect as well as a material one. Aluminum not only does not rust, either in air or water, but is easily polished. Transform in imagination the elevated roadways of New York, the railings and balconies before the houses, or even the houses themselves, the lamp-posts, the roofs, spires, and domes, the Brooklyn and other bridges, to burnished silver, and a glimpse may be had of the coming effect of aluminum in our cities indicated by the qualities now claimed for it. The like has not been pictured since Saint John spoke of the golden streets and the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem.

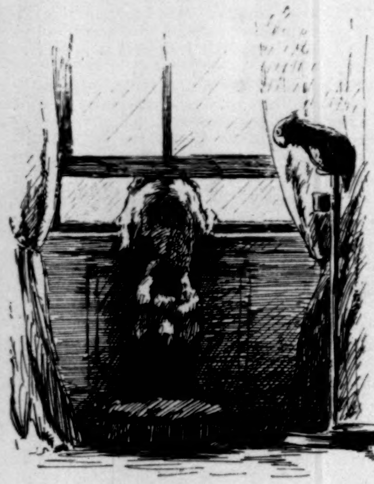
Amos W. Wright.

FARMING.*

III.



When we arrived at Dove's Nest our joy knew no bounds. Neither did the dog's. The dog, poor fellow, had had the misfortune of being born in the bosom of a bustling community, with whose ways and surroundings he had no sympathy. The compass of his daily exercise was the backyard, up and down which he would run in very much the manner employed by a man rowing on a pool of water very little longer than his craft. It may be superfluous to say that he would start from the kitchen door at such a pace that his maximum speed was attained at about the middle of the yard. Then he would slacken his strides lest peradventure he come in contact with the fence with sufficient force to drive his nose back into his eyes, and give him the cranial contour of the pug.



When we moved into a flat he was even more unhappy, because for a long time his only open-air exercise was enjoyed upon the window-sill. Being a water-spaniel, he would lie on the same window-sill on rainy days and catch on his head the longed-for water, that he would never wantonly shake off, but rather allow to become a part of him through absorption. It would, perhaps, be cruel to dwell further upon these facts setting forth the circumscribed liberty and conditions of Spot—so called in contradistinction to Rover, because the flat would not permit him to rove, but compel him to remain in one place. Consequently Spot's joy knew no bounds when we all arrived at Dove's Nest. A few days later, while sitting on the porch with Phillada watching the wind-tossed dandelions that made the sunny meadow an undulating cloth of gold, out popped Spot, who began running up and down at a great rate. But it struck me as being strange that he described no wild, mad circles in his rapturous flights. He would run on a straight line for about fifty feet, then stop suddenly and wheel about as though on a pivot, and return to the starting-point only to repeat the exercise.

"Isn't that very odd?" I asked, as I watched Spot.

"Not at all," replied Phillada. "It is said that the liberated prisoner has pleasant memories of his cell; then why shouldn't Spot remember the flat, and run its length on the ground and turn around in the only way it would allow?"

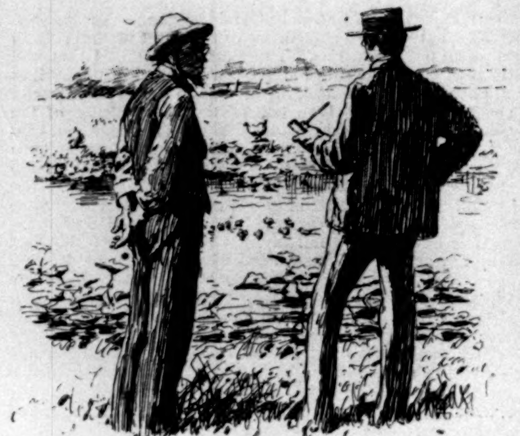
"But why in the middle of his course does he dart out of it in a short semicircle?" I asked.

"That," replied Phillada, "is probably to escape the partition between the dining-room and parlor."

This explanation seemed satisfactory. I was warned to be very careful in my efforts at duck-culture by Mr. Van Sickle, a neighboring farmer, who used to drop in occasionally and fill me with gratuitous advice, and choice bits of agricultural reminiscence.

"Look out for the bull-frogs!" he would exclaim, "look out for the bull-frogs—them's the boys as'll soak 'em!"

He meant by this that as the ducklings were swimming about on the bosom of the pond like so many golden lilies, the bull-frogs would grab them by the legs and cause them to disappear abruptly and forever. He would then describe the maternal grief of the hen as she ran about on the shore counting her little ones on her talons to ascertain if they were all there.

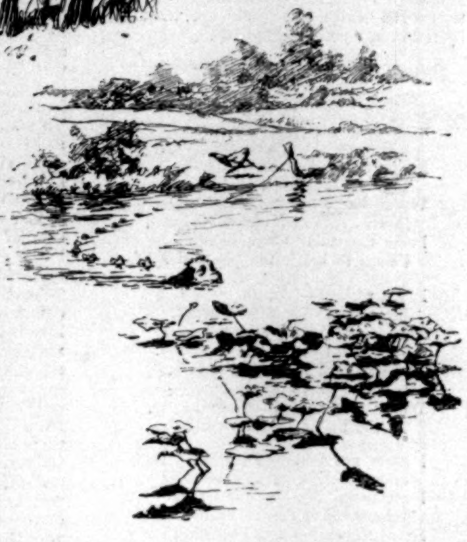


I did not allow Mr. Van Sickle to dissuade me from the experiment of raising ducks, however, but thanked him for his timely advice and told him I would be only too thankful for any he had to offer on anything appertaining to the divine art of farming.

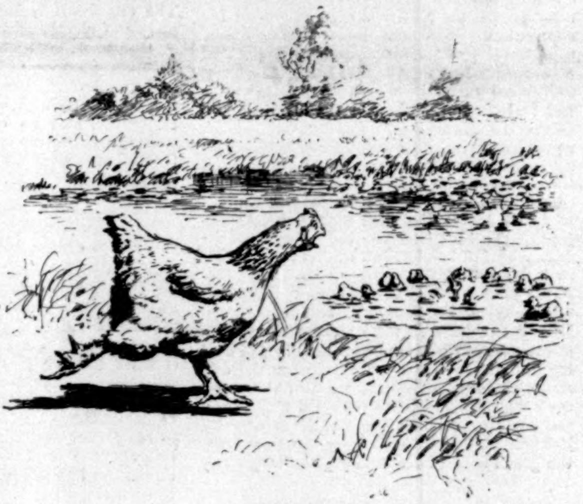
"But the bull-frogs'll soak 'em; the bull-frogs'll soak 'em!" he repeated, as he walked away.

Notwithstanding his statement and admonition, I set several hens on duck eggs that very day, and about seventy-five per cent. of them saw the light at the end of the current moon.

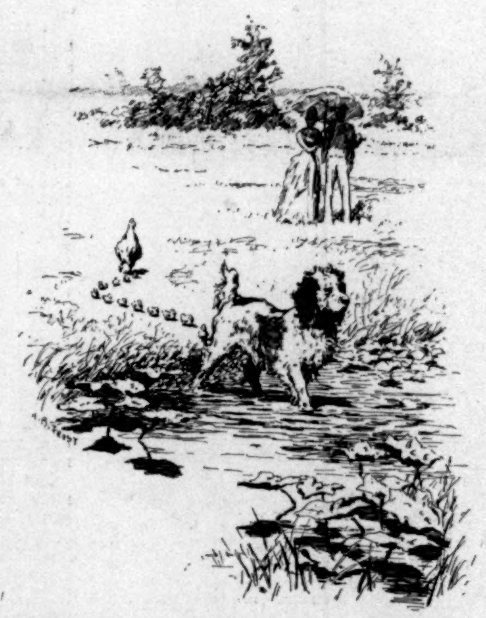
"Ha, ha!" thought I, as I saw them enter the pond in spite of the warnings of the maternal ancestor, "what would Mr. Van Sickle say should he see what I am about to do?"



I then sent Spot into the water with them, and a most excellent chaperon he made. I kept him chained in a dry place all day, and only gave him his liberty when the ducklings moved in Indian file to the pond. The little fuzzy amphibians followed him affectionately, seeming to know by instinct their probable fate as set down by Mr. Van Sickle.



This plan worked all right for something like a week. One day while Spot was swimming at the head of his yellow fleet, the Van Sickle dog suddenly appeared on the top of an opposite hill, capering on the rim of the horizon in frenzied glee. It was then that Spot, marvelling at but not divining the cause thereof, left the pond so swiftly that he forgot to shake himself upon landing. It was then that about half the ducklings disappeared to create post-prandial raptures for the slimy denizens of the mud.



After Phillada had laughed at me for thinking I knew more about duck-culture than a professional farmer, I got mad, and said: "If Spot shall chaperon those ducks again he will do it on the end of a long rope that will make his escape impossible. And if that works not, then will I secure the ducks in the chicken run, and all the water they'll get will be taken internally from a saucer, even if the dry weather causes them to warp out of shape, and break into a cobweb of airy cracks.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Note.—The first article of this series was published in No. 1746, and the second in No. 1748, of Harper's Weekly.

STARTLING DISCOVERY.

The discovery by the inhabitants of a locality hitherto unvisited by the pestilent scourge of fever and ague that it exists in their very midst is decidedly startling. Such discoveries are made at every season in every part of the Union. Subsequently, when it is ascertained, as it invariably is at such times, through the valuable experience of some one who has been benefited and cured, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a thoroughly efficacious eradicator of the malarial poison, and a means of fortifying the system against it, a feeling of more security and tranquillity reigns throughout the whole neighborhood. Besides the febrile forms of malarial disease, dumb ague and ague cake are removed by the potent action of the Bitters, to which science also gives its sanction as a remedy for rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, debility, kidney troubles, and all diseases impairing the organs of digestion and assimilation.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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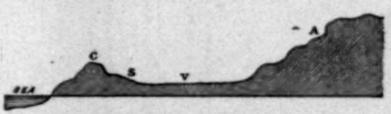
THE NITRATE DESERT OF TARAPACA.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THERE are but few towns on the face of the earth where one may lead with satisfaction a delicately material life. It is needless to enumerate these favored spots. It suffices to say that Iquique, latitude 20° 12′ 15″ south is not one of them. From the point of view of population Iquique is the seventh city of Chili, the order being Santiago, Valparaiso, Concepcion, Talca, Chillan, and Serena. From the point of view of commerce it is second in importance and interest only to Valparaiso, for it is the great business and export centre of the nitrate trade, which is the true source of the present wealth of Chili. Uninviting as the place may seem, it is the duty of the traveller to halt there in order to visit the strange desert in the interior where the nitrate is extracted and manufactured; and if the traveller have eyes to see withal and intelligence to understand, he will not regret his visit, for after the petroleum grounds of the Caspian there is perhaps not a more curious tract of land in the world.

As trains do not start for the pampa every day, we will take advantage of an enforced delay to examine Iquique. It is a poor port, blocked up with dangerous rocks and reefs, which prevent ships approaching the shore. There are several small moles, but these are insufficient for the traffic, and consequently you see men wading in the surf up to their waists with burdens on their shoulders. The system is most primitive. The ships are anchored at some distance, in a bay to the north of the town, and the loading and unloading are done with lighters. When there is no mole at the disposal of the lighter, it is brought within forty or fifty yards of the shore and the cargo discharged into small boats, which are beached in the surf, and unloaded by the wading wharfmen. Along the water's edge are shabby warehouses and piles of nitrate in sacks. To the north are many sailing ships riding at anchor on the glassy water. To the south are the smoky chimneys of silver refining works. In the background rise brown and barren mountains some 2000 feet high, zebraed with zigzag paths of a lighter shade, and striped along the lower spurs with pointed sand drifts, which themselves whirl and swirl until they gradually grow into crests and hills of respectable size. These mountains spring up about two miles from the shore, leaving a flat and arid sandy plain on which the town has been laid out with streets fifteen to twenty metres wide, a fine carriage-road along the sea to the south, an agreeable plaza ornamented with Norfolk Island pines, and a central monument in the Gothic style in honor of Arturo Prat, the modern naval hero of Chili. I remarked with renewed surprise this South-American taste for Gothic when I entered my hotel beneath a depressed Gothic archway with stucco mouldings. No style could be less adapted to a land where earthquakes are permanently dreaded. On one side of the plaza is a handsome theatre which seems rather large for the population; on the other sides are some pleasant private houses with open upper stories, built of wood and painted bright green, blue, or brown; other commodious private houses may be noticed in the different streets, but with the exception of two or three blocks of stone or brick, all the buildings in Iquique are of wood with flat roofs, strewn with crushed sea-shells to absorb what little moisture the dews deposit, and dotted with ventilators that suggest enormous mouse-traps set to catch the prevalent breeze. In this part of the world, it must be remembered, it rains perhaps once in five years, and even then the moisture that falls is more like heavy fog than regular dropping rain. The consequence is that there is no water and no vegetation, not a blade of grass, not a weed. The brown streets with their wooden sidewalks are sprinkled daily with sea-water to lay the dust, and remain glistening with little crystals of salt, while for domestic purposes the inhabitants use distilled water or water carried in special steam-boats from Arica. Now, however, pipes have been laid from Pica in the interior by the Tarapacá Water Company, and Iquique will soon be well provided with the standard temperance beverage. Meanwhile, to judge from outward appearances, temperance doctrines are not popular; bar-rooms and drinking saloons are innumerable, cocktails are in constant demand, and the town enjoys along the coast an old-established reputation of "moistness." Otherwise the aspect of Iquique is sufficiently cosmopolitan; the shops are enlivened with a profusion of gaudy American and English chromo-lithographs advertising cigarettes, patent-medicines, soaps, spirits, and various articles; the signs are polyglot, as in all seaports, and English influence triumphs in the formation of such signs as "*Lunche* a todas horas" and "Hojalateria y *Gasfiteria*," while the English colony is very numerous, and controls the chief business of the town and province. Thanks to English friends and to the hospitality of the English Club, I managed to pass my time agreeably while waiting for trains and steamers in this queer, brown, slummy Iquique, inspecting the shops and the movement of the port, gossiping with pleasant people, marvelling at the wonderful after-glow of the Pacific sunsets, and admiring the charming Spanish and Anglo-Spanish maidens who may be seen of an evening when the military band plays on the Plaza Arturo Prat.

The vast desert between the Camarones and Copiapó has been aptly compared to an immense chemical laboratory, so great is its richness in salts of various kinds. The region which produces raw nitrate of soda, called *caliche*, extends from the Camarones in latitude 19° 12′ south as far as Taltal, latitude 25° 45′, covering a longitudinal distance of 6° 33′, or 393 geographical miles from north to south, with an average width of say three kilometres from east to west. In these latitudes the coast rises quickly to a height of about 3000 feet, and then, journeying eastward, we find the country mountainous, the coast Cordillera continuing its course parallel with the Andes. On the eastern gentle slopes of the coast Cordillera the nitrate beds occur at a distance from the sea of between 25 and 50 miles, and at a height of from 3000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The *salitreras* of Iquique and Pisagua are the nearest to the sea, and their height above the sea-level varies between 3000 and 4000 feet in round numbers. With slight variation in the stratification, the nitrate beds of the provinces of Antofagasta and Atacama resemble those of Tarapacá. So, then, we have toward the east the great masses of the Andes, in the centre a longitudinal valley or pampa which resembles the dry bed of a river, and on the west the gentle slopes and undulations of the coast Cordillera, where the nitrate deposits are found along the edge of the pampa, so that a transverse section of this part of the continent would look thus:



C. Coast Cordillera. S. Salitreras. V. Longitudinal Valley or Pampa. A. Andes.

The nitrate band, as we may call it, is not absolutely continuous; the distribution of the *salitre* is not uniform, and considerable stretches of land are found without it; but wherever the *salitre* does occur, it is in the conditions specified—that is to say, along the western edge of the pampa, and on the slopes of the foot-hills of the coast Cordillera. Furthermore, the nearer we get to the level of the pampa, the greater the proportion of other salts found in the *salitre*, which becomes consequently less suitable for the economical manufacture of nitrate of soda. The *salitreras* of the province of Tarapacá being the richest and the most interesting from both the physical and the commercial point of view, we shall limit our attention to them, and asking the reader to accompany us in a visit to some of the best establishments, or *oficinas*, as they are called, we shall endeavor to explain the processes of the extraction and manufacture of this product, which is of vital importance to Chili, and, it would appear, of almost equal importance to modern agriculture. In order to make our prose more lucid we subjoin a sketch map of the nitrate fields of Tarapacá, showing the general configuration of the country, the railway and water-pipe lines, and the position of the different *oficinas* now existing, and representing many millions of English capital, for the nitrate industry in Chili is essentially English.

So, then, we start one morning from the Iquique station in the long and crowded train of the Nitrate Railways Company Limited. The passengers are very mixed, even in the first-class cars, for those who labor in the pampa are improvident, and while they have money they want the best that money can buy. Our neighbors are English engineers, some in light clothes of the most correct London cut, others wearing riding breeches, long boots, and helmet hats; Italians and Austrians who keep liquor shops and stores in some of the settlements; Peruvians and Chilians employed in the *oficinas;* two or three women in modern hats and mantles; other dark-skinned native women wrapped up in black shawls, silent and ruminative; while the rank and file of the passengers consist of workmen of all shades and nationalities, including several Japanese who have drifted down from Peru, a few Chinamen who are established in the pampa as peddlers or dry-goods dealers, and a large number of Bolivian Indians, the women all laden with baskets and eager for business.[*] The train steams out of the station and begins to climb up the mountains. At a distance of two miles we reach a reversing station, and then mount up with gradients of 2.50 to 3.85 per cent., and curves after curves, some of 450 feet radius, until we gain the station of Molle, 1578 feet above the level of the sea. Thence we mount gently to Santa Rosa, 2872 feet, near which are the famous silver mines of the same name, and on the other side the line the silver mines of Huantajaya which were worked by the Spaniards. Passing Las Carpas and San Juan we attain a height of 3223 feet at the Central Station, 29 miles from Iquique. The scenery thus far has been at once curious and fascinating in the novelty of certain effects. All that we see is sand or rock, or a sort of red conglomerate strewn with bowlders, and loose flint or lime stones; but the outlines of the mountains are beautiful in silhouette, the undulations of the lower valleys have a singular softness, and the brilliant sunshine plays over the interminable wilderness of hill and dale, developing in the arid rock and sand a variety of color that replaces vegetation, and sometimes even produces the illusion of some dark green growth which might be appropriate in a lunar landscape. There are places, too, on the hill-sides where nature's chemistry has painted graceful designs, as it were the arabesques of foliated Gothic windows, with the colors of green, violet, and yellow oxides, while other brown hills are toned with a velvety purple haze of sun smoke, soft as the bloom on a plum.

The Central Station is an important junction. Here the pampa proper begins, and with it the nitrate deposits. One branch of the line goes southward through La Noria, and divides into two sections which terminate at San Lorenzo and Santa Elena, respectively 47 and 52½ miles from Iquique, and communicate with some twenty establishments. From a point near Virginia, on one of these sections, it is proposed to build a new line down to Lagunas, where there is one lot of 8000 acres of nitrate in many places 8 feet thick, and in the immediate neighborhood other equally rich deposits. It will be noticed that another line is marked on the map between Lagunas and the port of Patillos, "proposed line begun but construction pending." If this line should be built it would naturally divert the traffic from Iquique, and the two shipping ports for nitrate would become Patillos and Pisagua. It remains to be seen whether the government will allow this sword of Damocles to fall and annihilate at one blow the youthful and thriving town of Iquique, whose municipality, I am told, has just ordered from those terribly dexterous Italian sculptors four white marble fountains for the further adornment of its Plaza Arturo Prat. However, it is curious to note the fact that the existence of Iquique is precarious. The final question always is, "Will it last?" *it* meaning not only Iquique, but the nitrate industry and all connected therewith.

From the Central Station we continue along the northern line, and at Montevideo, 36½ miles from Iquique, we reach the highest point of the railway, namely, 3810 feet, and thence descend to Pozo Almonte, 3371 feet, where we find the solution of a problem that has been exercising our inquisitive minds: In this brown and rainless desert where is water obtained for the locomotives? At Pozo are wells from which the water is pumped up to Montevideo, whence it runs down by its own weight to the Central Station, and from there it is carried in tank-cars as far as Santa Rosa. This well-water, being charged with lime and other substances, requires to be purified before it can be used in the boilers, and with this object it is heated and a quantity of carbonate of soda dissolved in it. The lime and other salts are thus precipitated. So far as the southern pampa is concerned, the water-pipes from Pica will, of course, modify in the near future this state of affairs, which I mention as an instance of the difficulties encountered. Meanwhile, in all the *oficinas* and all along the line as far as Dolores, 91 miles from Iquique, where good water is found, the well-water for the boilers has to be treated with carbonate of soda before it can be used.

At Pozo Almonte we enter the great northern pampa of Tamarugal, which is lined with *oficinas* for a distance of nearly 60 miles, as far as the Nivel station. From Pozo, 3371 feet, the ground gradually rises up to Primitiva, 3752 feet, and sinks a little toward Nivel, which is 3610 feet above the sea-level. From Nivel to the port of Pisagua, a distance of 20 miles, the gradients vary between 2.70 and 5 per cent., and over the last 5 miles from Hospicio to Pisagua the line zigzags down the steep coast hills with three reversing stations. The gauge of the line is 4 feet 8½ inches, and the total length of rails in working in January, 1890, was 236.77 miles. The Nitrate Railways Company, it may be added, was finally incorporated in London as a joint-stock company in the year 1882, the enterprise having passed through many hands, phases, and difficulties since the first concession was granted by the Peruvian government in 1860. With the history of the line, however, we need not concern ourselves. Let us return to its picturesque and industrial features. In the important stations like Central, Pozo, and Huara, we notice crowds of spectators and swarms of small traders, like those who attracted our attention in southern Chili, offering for sale cazuela with thumb sauce, cakes, grapes, and other fruits. The types are slightly different from those of the southern provinces. The women, instead of being half-breeds of various degrees, are mostly pure Bolivian Indians, with long braids of glossy black hair hanging down their backs, some very large and portly, with broad round faces, suggesting a sphere slightly flattened by vertical pressure, others more elegant and slender in stature, with finely cut features, busqué noses, and brilliant eyes. On closer study I discovered that the larger women were not really so massive as they appeared to be; their apparent volume is due to the fact that every year at carnival time they put on a new skirt over the old one, so that as they increase in years they increase in skirts. Their costume consists of a man's hat of felt or straw, a camisole and shawl, and a rough baize skirt of brilliant green, red, or old-gold yellow. These ladies are indefatigable traders, and ride on donkeys from camp to camp in the pampa, selling the fruit and vegetables that are grown in the oasis of Pica, a beautiful green spot dating from the old Spanish mining days. Around the chief stations little towns are growing up. They are composed of one or two streets of corrugated iron sheds erected in the midst of the sandy wilderness. In accordance with Chilian custom, each householder endeavors to have a flag-pole over his door, and some ragged colored bunting flaps in the wind, while enterprising shopkeepers hoist flaunting signs—"La Vencedora," "Al pobre Diablo," "Al pobre roto," "La Flor de Huara," or "La Bella Jardinera;" and in still bigger letters another trader announces that the rich new *chicha* has just arrived—"Llegó la rica chicha!" Near these gray sheet-iron camps, a few hundred yards beyond, in the sandy wilderness, is a still more dismal spot—the cemetery, a few black wooden crosses planted all askew in the rough sand, beneath which the corpses remain dried and shrivelled like mummies, the salt soil preserving them from putrefaction, and from that return to dust which we are told is the fate of all men.

The scenery from Pozo Almonte continues with a certain sameness the whole length of the pampa. The configuration of the land is similar; the effect varies as the light changes. In the morning all is calm; toward one o'clock a strong wind sweeps along the valley, raising clouds and whirlpools of dust; at sunset the calm returns, and the brown hills assume the most brilliant colors, while the gray sandy pampa becomes tinted with pink and violet. The nitrate desert would, indeed, form a rich field of observation for the analytic colorists of the "impressionist" school. After we reach the upper table-land, the absolute barrenness ceases so far as concerns the pampa proper, where some dry bushes of the acacia family, called *tamarugal*, still grow with a gray and dusty pertinacity—remnants of former days, when the whole valley was covered with them, and so furnished handy fuel to the first extractors of nitrate. It is now afternoon, and the train is steaming along gently. In the distance, over the glaring waste of sand and scant scrub, you see the snowy peaks of the Andes, and on the horizon of the plain innumerable spiral columns of whirling dust rising to a great height like the smoke of so many bonfires. On the other side of the line are the deep red-brown slopes of the foot-hills of the coast Cordillera, and the band of gray sand and brown conglomerate beneath which the nitrate lies. From time to time there appears a group of two or three smoking chimneys, strange terraces of banks rising one above the other on a substructure of open timbers, row after row of little hillocks of a snowy coarse powder, an incipient village composed of long sheds of corrugated iron, a movement of laboring men and mules, and all around the plain and slopes torn up with holes and irregular trenches and covered with heaps of shapeless brown bowlders that look like gigantic truffles. This is an *oficina*. We pass many of them, each more or less resembling the other, until we come to "La Primitiva," where we are to make our head-quarters. This is one of the most modern and complete establishments in the Tarapacá district, and in this *oficina*, and in the neighboring ones of San Rosario de Huara, San Jorge, and Agua Santa, the visitor and the technical observer will see all the most recent improvements that science and experience have brought to the development of this nitrate industry.

The production of nitrate of soda is divided into two distinct operations: the extraction of the raw material, or *caliche*, from the ground, and the extraction of the nitrate itself from that raw material, and the separation of it from other accompanying substances. In order to see the first operation we

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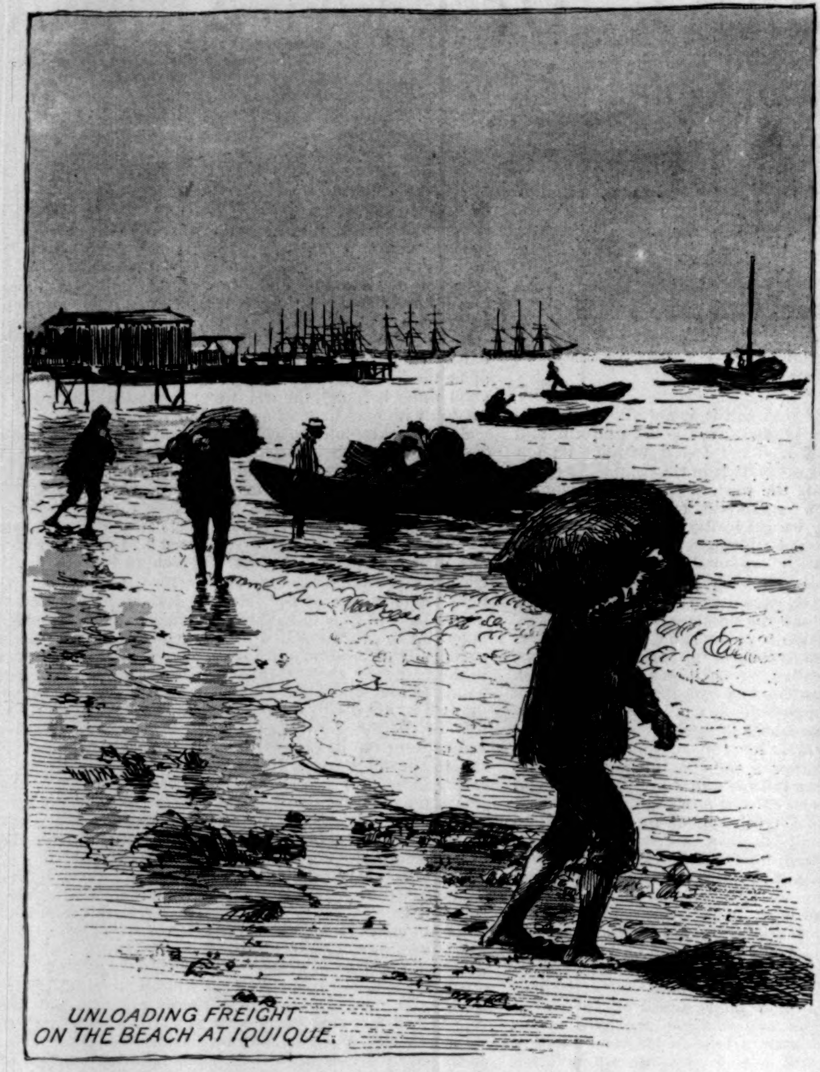
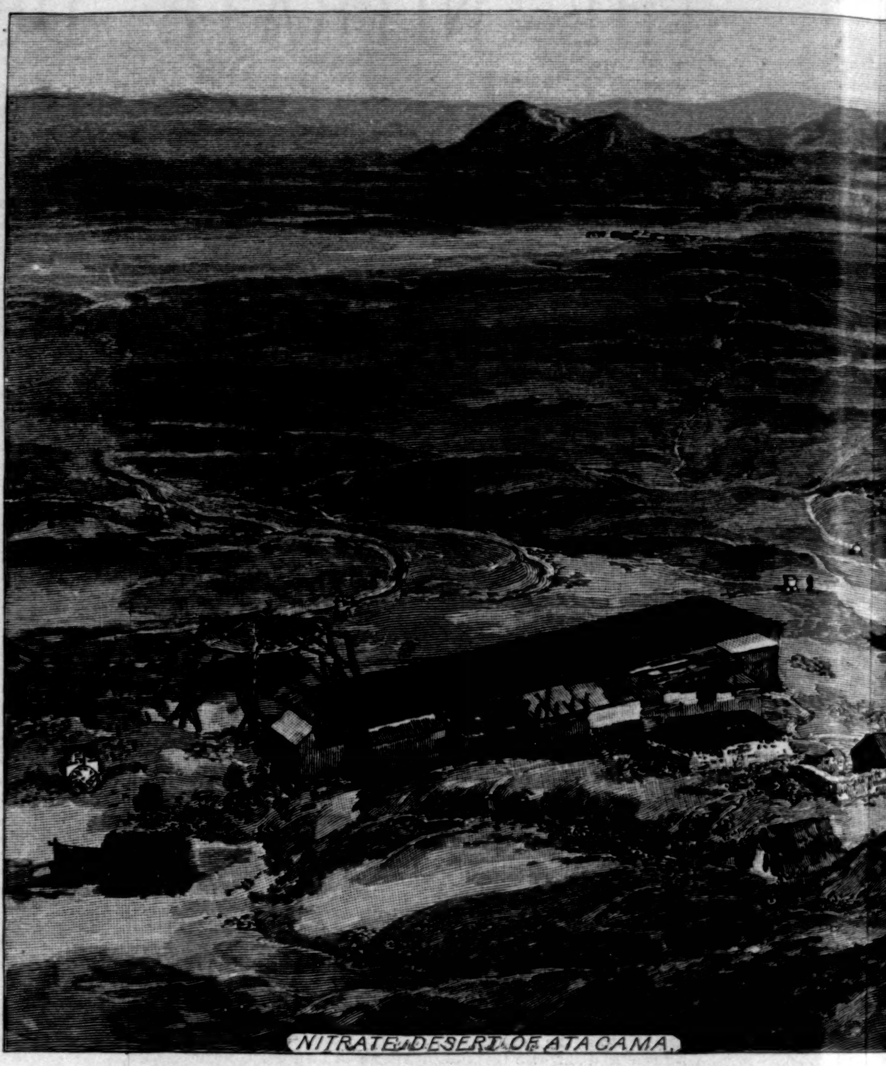
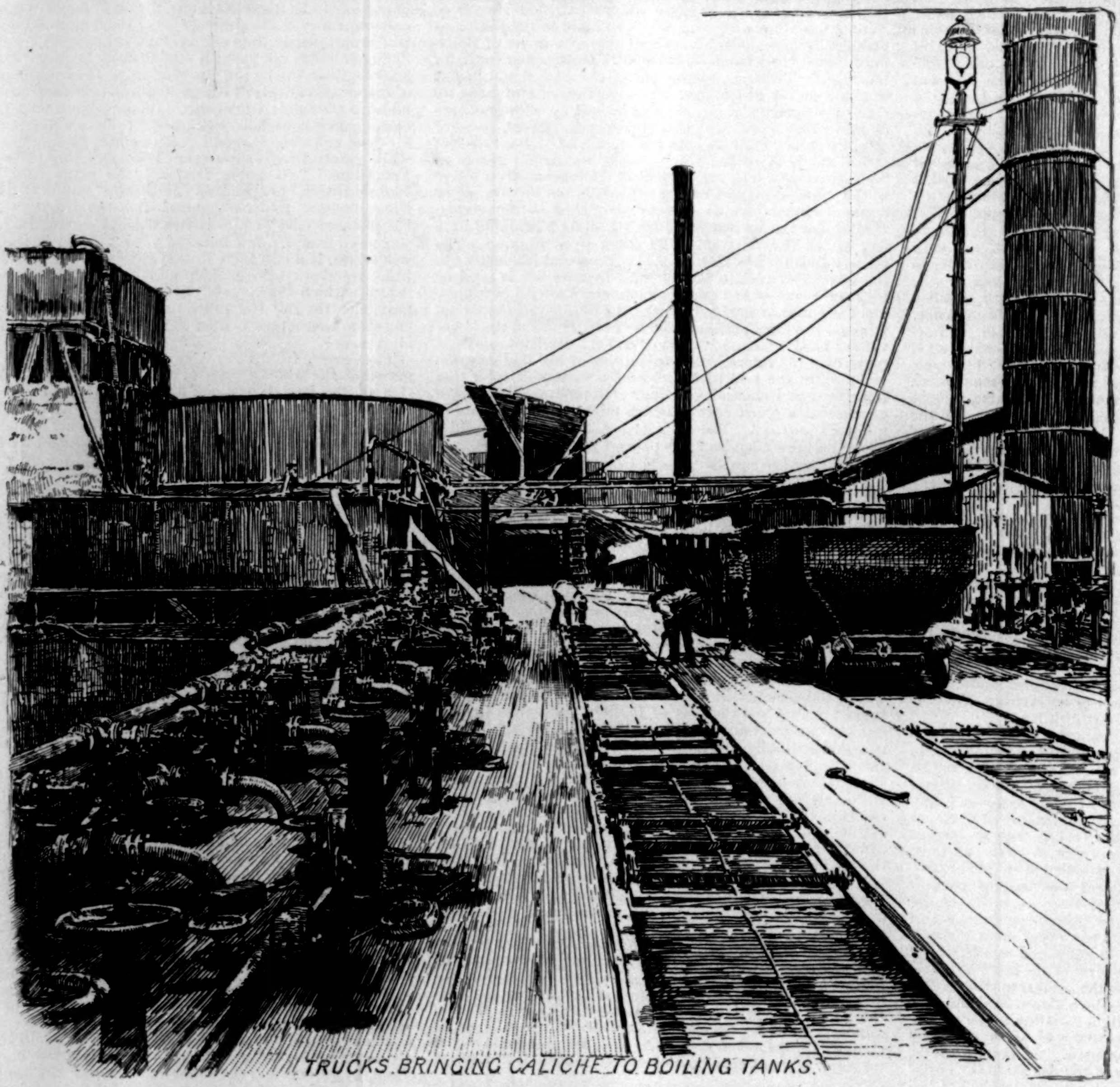
[*] The number of workmen employed in the Tarapacá nitrate fields in January, 1890, was nearly 13,000, consisting of 8267 Chilians, 1282 Peruvians, 2719 Bolivians, and the rest of various nationalities.



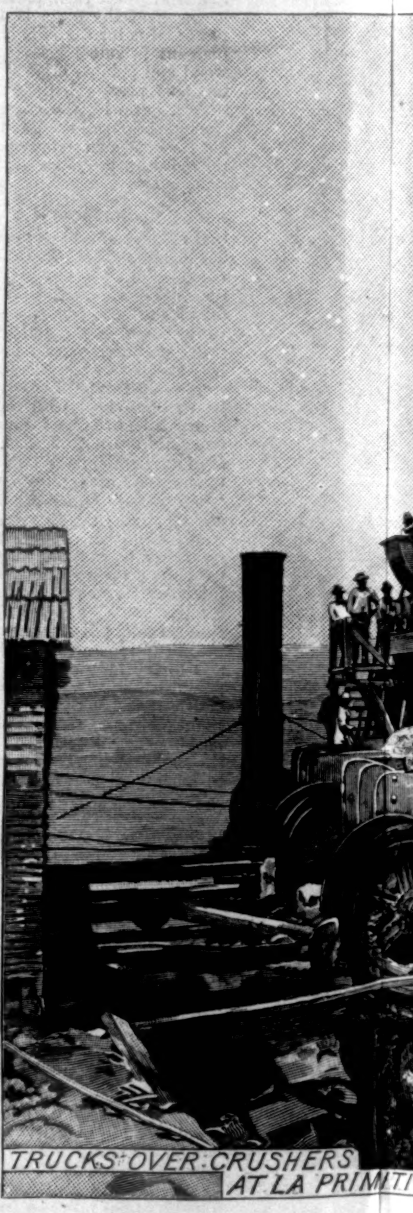
UNLOADING FREIGHT ON THE BEACH AT IQUIQUE.



NITRATE DESERT OF ATACAMA.

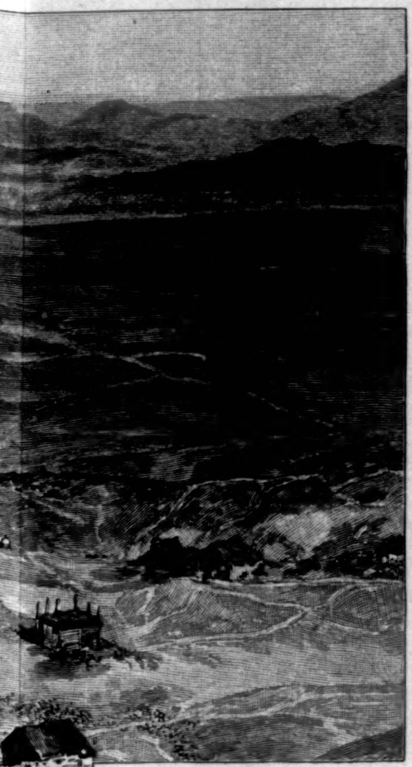


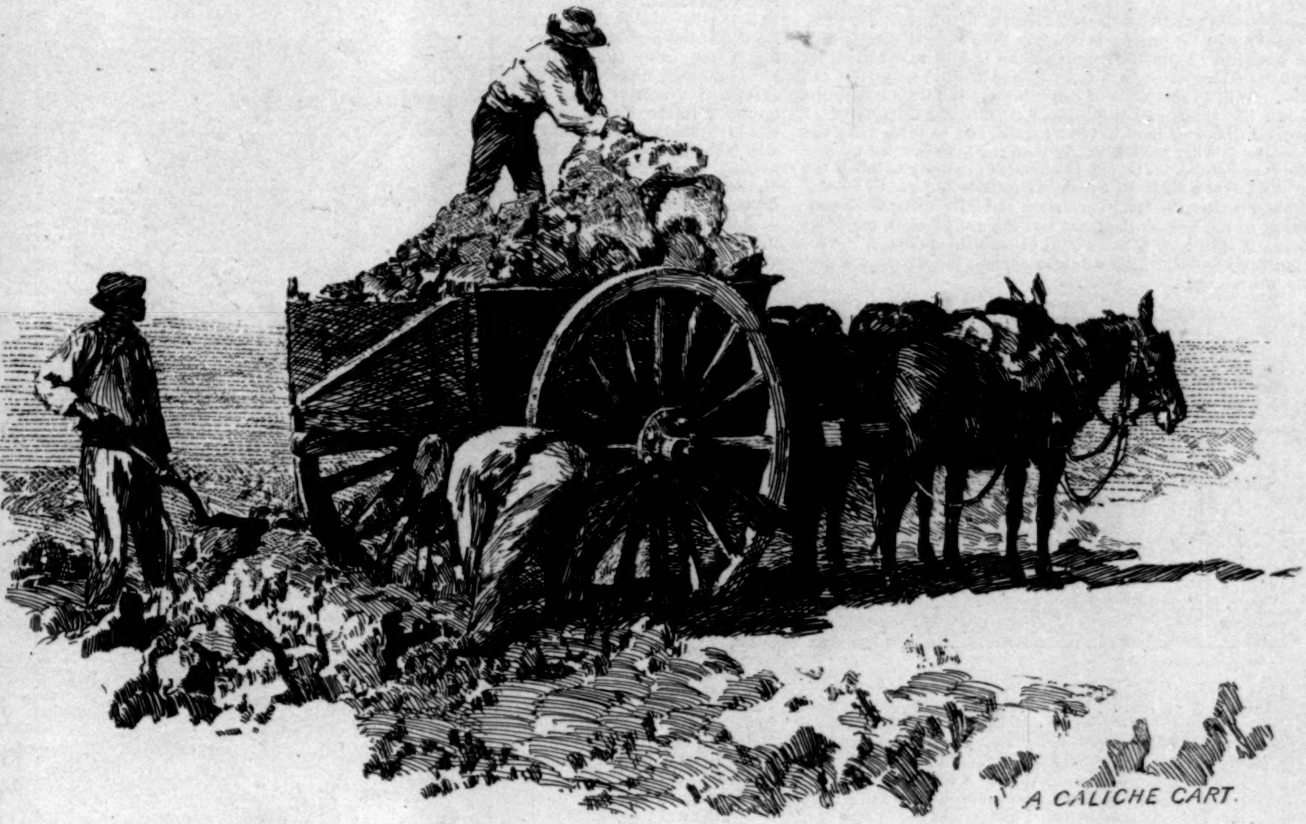
TRUCKS BRINGING CALICHE TO BOILING TANKS.



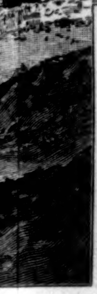
TRUCKS OVER CRUSHERS AT LA PRIMITI

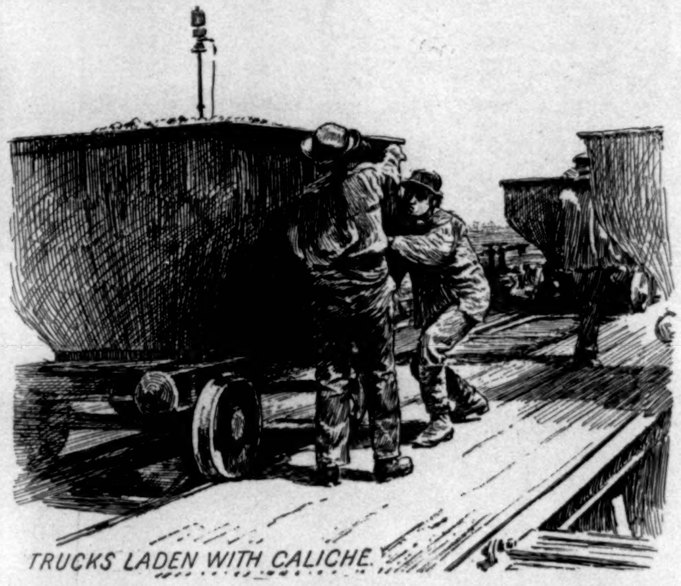
SKETCHES IN AND AROUND THE NI



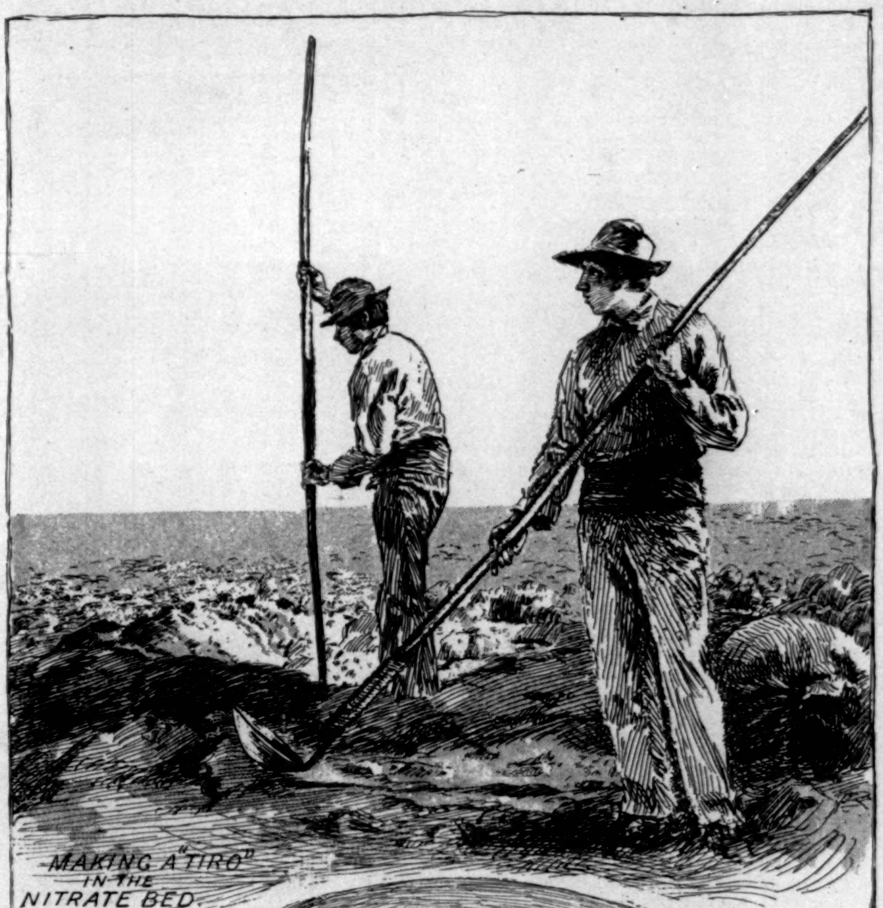


A CALICHE CART.

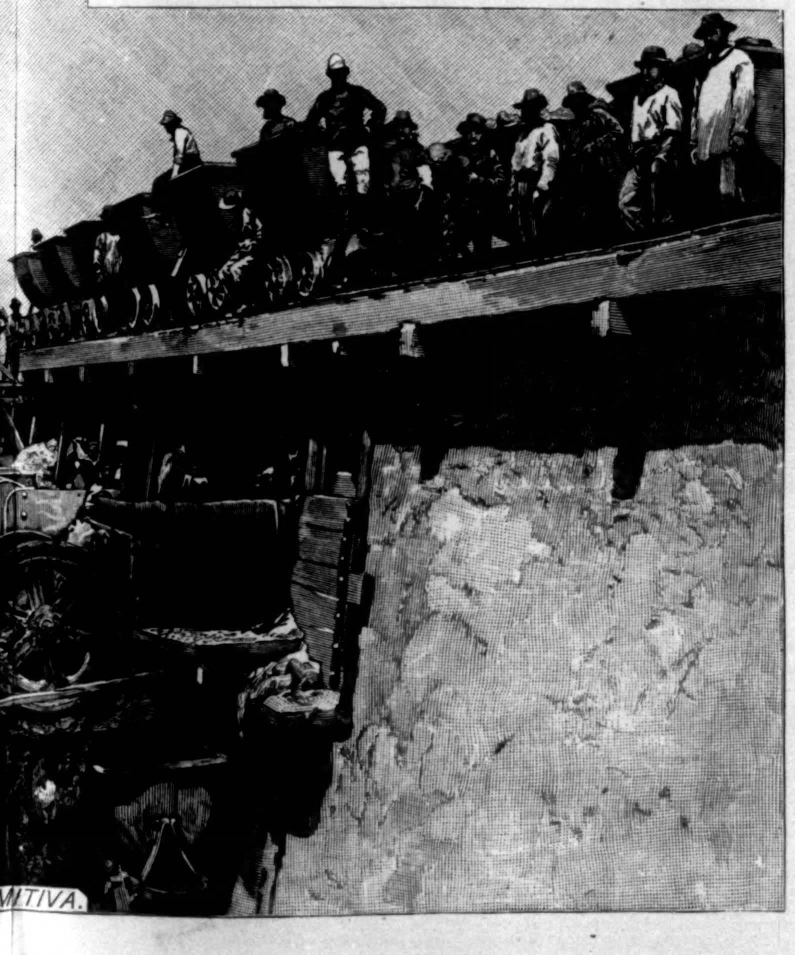




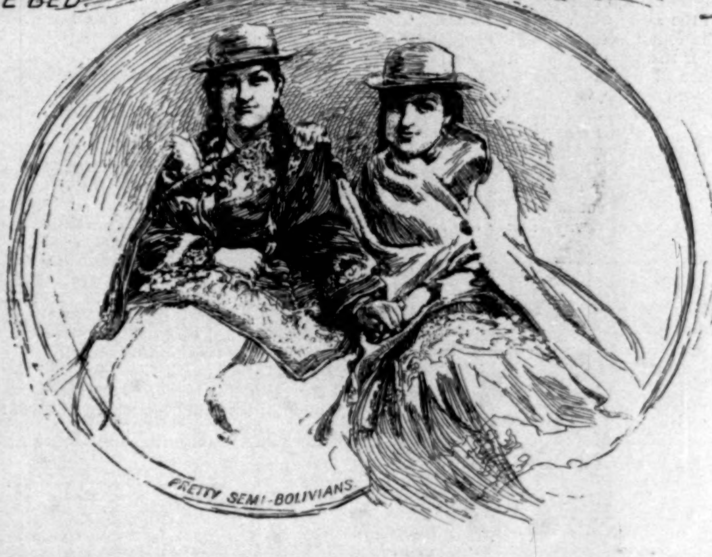
TRUCKS LADEN WITH CALICHE.



MAKING A "TIRO" IN THE NITRATE BED.



MITIVA.



PRETTY SEMI-BOLIVIANS.

NITRATE DESERT.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.